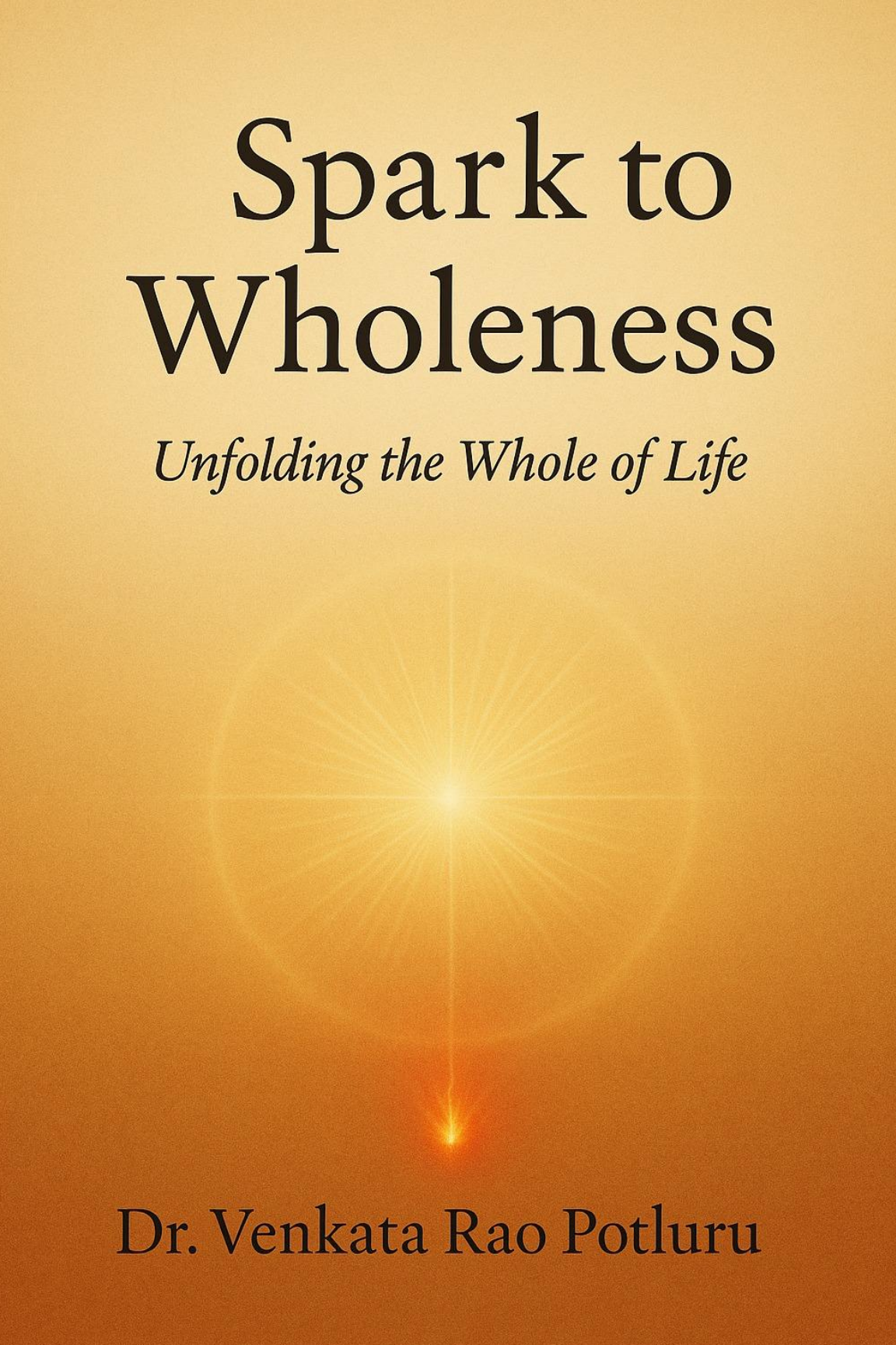
Spark to Wholeness

Unfolding the Whole of Life



Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

Introduction

Spark to Wholeness is a journey through the unfolding of life — from its earliest stirrings in the silent seas to the flowering of awareness in stillness. It explores not only the outer evolution of nature but also the inner evolution of consciousness, where the true revolution of humanity must take place.

The chapters in this book reflect a single inquiry: *Can life be lived wholly, without division, without the burden of becoming?* They move through themes of listening, observing, choiceless awareness, the pitfalls of thought, the silence of meditation, the flowering of compassion, and the sacred dimension of existence.

This work does not offer a philosophy to be followed or a system to be practiced. It is an invitation to see directly — to see the false as false, the true as true, and to discover for oneself a living stillness in which the self dissolves. From that dissolution arises love without shadow, intelligence beyond the mechanical, and a sense of sacredness untouched by belief or time.

The title *Spark to Wholeness* points to this movement: the spark of life that began in the depths of time carries within it

the possibility of flowering into wholeness. That wholeness is not in the future; it is here, now, in choiceless awareness. When the observer is not, life is whole — and in that wholeness there is freedom, compassion, and the immeasurable beauty of being.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru
Consultant Surgeon and Author
Operating Under Fire & The Timeless Awareness

Contents

Introduction..... 2

The Evolution of Life..... 5

On thought and the self..... 14

Life is Choiceless Awareness..... 38

The Falseness of Ātma, the Real Self..... 54

Life Is Relationship..... 64

The Timeless Dimension..... 67

Awakening of Intelligence..... 72

The Sacred Flowering of Life..... 80

The Wholeness..... 85

On Love and Compassion..... 98

Creation..... 103

The God, the Unknowable, the Immeasurable..... 106

Is There Security for Life?..... 109

Why Man is Afraid of Death..... 112

Holistic Living..... 122

The Evolution of Life

"Life is a vast movement, from the tiniest cell to the endless stars.
Its true flowering begins when the self comes to an end."

Life, as science tells us, began in the silence of ancient seas, as a chance coming together of elements, a spark of chemical reaction. Out of lifeless matter arose the first living cell, fragile and simple, yet carrying within it the pulse of existence. From that spark unfolded an immense journey — plants, animals, man — each step adding complexity, awareness, and movement.

This outward story of evolution is wondrous. From a single point, life has flowered into the vastness of forests and rivers, into the flight of birds and the song of man. From the microscopic to the galactic, creation is one ceaseless unfolding.

But man's story is not complete in the outer domain. He has built civilizations, discovered medicines, split the atom, and mapped the stars — yet inwardly, he remains caught in the same narrow circle of the self. His brain, though capable of extraordinary intelligence, is tethered by fear, desire, comparison, ambition, and sorrow. This is not evolution but stagnation.

The true challenge before humanity is not another technological leap, not more inventions or conquests, but a revolution within — an inner flowering beyond the self. Real evolution is not from simpler to more complex forms of thought, but the ending of thought's tyranny. It is the seeing

of the false as false — the false being the self, the "I" that separates, isolates, and divides.

When the mind perceives without distortion, without the burden of memory and judgment, there is an awakening of choiceless awareness. In that awareness, the self dissolves. With the dissolution of the self, man is no longer a fragment struggling against the whole but is part of the vast movement of life itself.

This is the unfolding into oneness — not as an ideal, not as a goal, but as a fact seen directly. From the first stirrings of chemical reaction to the flowering of awareness in wholeness, the story of life is complete. And in that completeness lies the sacred, the immeasurable, the eternal.

***

Poetic

In the stillness of ancient seas,
elements touched,
and a spark awoke—
a cell, a breath,
the trembling of life.

From that tiny flame
forests blossomed,
wings learned the sky,
rivers carved the earth,
and man began to speak of stars.

Yet within,
he carried the same shadow—
fear, desire, sorrow,

the narrow circle of self.

True evolution
is not the piling up of knowledge,
not the conquest of worlds,
but the ending of the “I”
that divides the whole.

When thought falls silent,
when the self is no more,
life unfolds without measure—
one movement,
from seed to galaxy,
from spark to wholeness,
sacred, eternal.

When the self ends, life is whole, and in that wholeness the sacred is.

*****

You are not apart from the cosmos. The body that walks upon the earth is made of stardust; the calcium in your bones, the iron in your blood, the oxygen you breathe — all were forged in the burning hearts of stars. Life is not something outside of the universe, dropped into it from elsewhere. Life is the flowering of the cosmos itself.

We may imagine ourselves as separate — “me” enclosed in this body, distinct from the vastness of the sky. But is it truly so? The same laws that move the galaxies move your heartbeat. The same order that sustains the rhythm of the seasons sustains the rhythm of your breath.

Life has its innate qualities, not imposed from outside but born of the whole. Compassion, intelligence, awareness — these are not inventions of man; they are as intrinsic to life as gravity is to matter. Just as the cosmos reveals order in the movement of stars, life reveals its order in the awakening of awareness.

This awareness is not personal. It does not belong to you or to me. It is not the possession of a saint or a philosopher. It is there when the self is silent, when thought does not interfere. In that silence, one perceives that the life which moves through us is of the same essence as the cosmos — immeasurable, sacred, indivisible.

To realize this is to end the illusion of separation. Then there is no division between "I" and the universe, between the observer and the observed. There is only the whole movement of life, unfolding without center, without boundary. That whole movement is a living fact glimpsed in choiceless observation. And to live in that awareness is to live in communion with all things: the bird in the sky, the leaf in the wind, the distant star, and the human heart that beats here and now.

*****

Life has always been in movement, evolving, flowering into greater vastness. From the smallest seed to the galaxies without measure, existence is an endless unfolding. But man, though he has achieved outward progress — in knowledge, in technology, in power — has inwardly remained tethered to the narrowness of the self.

It is now urgent that man take a different step, not outward but inward: to evolve beyond the prison of the "me." This evolution is not through time, not by effort, not by becoming

something more. It is the ending of the self as a center of desire, fear, comparison, and sorrow.

When there is no self, there is no division between man and creation. The mind is not then caught in the small circle of its own thoughts, but is open, vast, and still. In that stillness, the whole of existence is mirrored — not as an idea, not as a theory, but as living truth.

To come upon such a state is not to add another layer of knowledge or experience. It is to see directly that the self, with all its burdens, is an illusion sustained by thought. When this illusion dissolves, there is only the unnameable, the sacred, the immeasurable life.

This is the true unfolding: not the endless becoming of ambition, but the flowering of being beyond self. In that flowering, there is creation, wholeness, and love without end.

*****

It is often said that man is merely an animal, and that his brain is driven by instinct and self-centeredness. But such a description reduces the vastness of human awareness to the narrowness of survival. We are not simply extensions of the animal world; we are human beings who can see what is true and what is false.

The gift of perception is ours — not only to recognize the illusions created by thought, but also to be aware of that which lies beyond thought. When the mind sees the limitation of its own movement — the constant measuring, comparing, desiring, fearing — then it stands still. In that stillness there is no self, no center around which thought revolves.

This stillness is not the dull quiet of suppression, nor the sleep of indifference. It is an alert silence in which wholeness flowers. In that wholeness there is neither the animal instinct of survival nor the human tendency toward division, but something sacred, immeasurable.

We are human not because we dominate nature, nor because we accumulate knowledge, but because we can step out of the stream of conditioning. To see the false as false, to see the true as true, and to move in freedom from that seeing — this is the flowering of intelligence. And only in that flowering does life reveal its beauty, its compassion, its oneness beyond all becoming.

***

Poetic

We are not beasts
chained to instinct,
nor minds condemned
to the circle of fear and desire.

We are beings
who can see the false as false,
the true as true,
and step out of the shadow
of self-centred thought.

When thought ends its restless weaving,
silence flowers—
not imposed, not cultivated,
but born of seeing.

In that silence
there is no animal urge,
no human conflict,
only wholeness,
timeless, vast, immeasurable.

Here life is sacred,
not divided,
not grasped by the self,
but shining as love,
as compassion,
as the beauty of the one.

*****

The story of humanity is not a story of many separate beginnings, but of one origin branching outward. Modern science has traced the roots of Homo sapiens to Africa some 200,000–300,000 years ago. From this common cradle, small bands of humans set out, driven by hunger, curiosity, and the ceaseless urge of life to expand.

There were no ships, no great voyages across oceans. Instead, the earth itself offered pathways. During the Ice Ages, sea levels were far lower. Lands now drowned beneath oceans were once bridges of connection.

- Into Asia and Europe: Around 60,000–70,000 years ago, humans crossed the Sinai and Arabian deserts, spreading eastward and northward.
- Into Australia: What we now call Indonesia was then a chain of land bridges. Step by step, over generations, people reached the great southern continent.
- Into the Americas: A frozen bridge of land once linked Siberia to Alaska. From there, humans walked

southward, filling the vast continents of the New World.

Though climate, food, and environment shaped the colour of skin, the texture of hair, the patterns of life, the essence remained the same. The structure of the body, the beating of the heart, the working of the brain — these did not change. The human being, wherever he wandered, carried the same anatomy and physiology, the same gift of thought, the same burden of desire and fear.

But is the significance of this story merely biological? Or does it reveal something deeper about the nature of life itself?

Man imagines separations: African, European, Asian, American. He clings to labels of race, nation, religion. Yet peel away the surface, and man everywhere is the same. He loves, he suffers, he fears, he hopes. His tears are salty whether they fall in Delhi or in Damascus, his laughter rings the same whether in a hut or a palace.

Does this not show that humanity is one movement, one stream, flowing through different valleys but springing from the same source?

Geography may alter the outer garment, but life's essence is indivisible. The same blood flows, the same breath sustains, the same mind asks the eternal questions: Who am I? What is death? What is truth?

To see this not as knowledge but as a fact of perception is to end division within oneself. The "other" is not separate. He is you in another form, shaped by another climate, conditioned by another language, but sharing the same essence of being.

The earth has carried man across continents not to divide him, but to reveal the wholeness of life. When the mind clings to nation, to tribe, to religion, it blinds itself to this wholeness. In that blindness are war, exploitation, and sorrow.

But when the mind is still, when it looks without the screen of conditioning, there is no Indian, no American, no African. There is only the human being — a flowering of the cosmos, born of stardust, living for a moment, and returning to the whole.

To realize that humanity is one is not an idea, not a noble philosophy, but a simple fact — as simple as the breath that keeps us alive. And in seeing that fact, there is compassion, for compassion arises naturally when division ends.

Life has unfolded across continents, but it is one life. The cosmos has scattered man across the earth, but it is one humanity. To live in awareness of this is to walk the pathless path of wholeness, where the sacredness of life is not in flags or creeds, but in the simple truth that we are not separate.

*****

On thought and the self

What are you?
Are you a separate entity with a special purpose, as thought claims? Or are you simply part of the vast movement of life, without center, without division?

Thought tells you: “You were born for a reason, for a divine plan, for a destiny.” But is it so? Or is this too another invention of thought — which forever seeks to make itself important, permanent, meaningful?

Look closely: thought is not divine. It is a material process. It arises from the brain, just as fire arises from friction or energy from matter. Today, we create machines that imitate thought, and we call them Artificial Intelligence. In essence, both are mechanical, both are products of matter, both operate through memory, comparison, and calculation.

Life, however, is not thought. Life is far older.

The cosmos existed billions of years before thought appeared. Stars were born, galaxies unfolded, the earth cooled, seas formed, and in those seas the first spark of life emerged. After uncountable ages, through an immeasurable unfolding, life evolved into greater complexity. The human organism appeared — fragile, intelligent, capable of reflection. And in that long journey, thought began to evolve as a tool: to remember, to compare, to plan, to survive.

But thought made a mistake. It created the illusion of a permanent center, a “me,” separate from the vastness. This “me” claimed continuity, importance, destiny. It said, “Without me you are nothing.” And man believed it.

From that illusion arose division: me and you, us and them, family and stranger, nation against nation, religion against religion. In that division came fear, sorrow, conflict, and endless seeking.

Yet see the fact: your existence as "me" is but a flicker in the vast unfolding of life. Thought isolates, but in truth you are not separate. You are of the cosmos — as natural as the river, as transient as a leaf, as sacred as the stars.

When this is seen — not as an idea, but as fact — the "me" loses its false authority. Life is then free to move in its own wholeness, without interference, without illusion. Awareness is no longer caught in the net of becoming; it flowers in the present, timeless and immeasurable.

Life is beautiful when it is not burdened by the "me." Life is sacred when seen in its wholeness, when thought is put in its right place — useful in the field of knowledge, but silent in the field of living. In that silence, there is love. In that wholeness, there is freedom.

Life has evolved from the cosmos, but thought — born late in that vast movement — has created the illusion of a self. To see the limitation of thought is to be free of the "me." In that freedom, life is sacred.

***

Poetic

Before thought,
stars burned in silence,
oceans rose and fell,
life stirred in ancient seas.

After ages uncounted,
the human mind awoke,
and thought was born—
a tool, a flame,
a fragment of matter
to remember, to measure,
to survive.

But thought dreamed
of permanence,
invented a center—
a “me”
separate from the whole.

From that shadow
grew division:
family and stranger,
nation and flag,
faith against faith.
From it flowed
sorrow, fear,
endless conflict.

Yet the “me”
is a whisper of thought,
a ripple in the vast sea.
It has no root in the real.

Life is not yours,
nor mine.
It is the movement
of the cosmos itself,
endless, whole,
sacred.

When thought falls silent,
when the “me” dissolves,
life flowers—
simple,
immense,
beautiful,
complete.

“The ‘me’ is the invention of thought; life is beyond thought, vast and whole.”

*****

The “me” — the self you cling to, protect, and exalt — is an illusion. It is born of thought. Thought, in its movement of memory and time, says: “This is me, my name, my story, my desire, my fear.” Out of that bundle of experiences and identifications, the illusion of a separate entity is created.

Once the “me” is formed, fear inevitably arises. For what is illusory must be defended constantly. The self must be protected, its continuity assured, its importance established. Out of this defence comes comparison, jealousy, ambition, competition. And in that struggle lies conflict and sorrow.

Thought, which is material, has invented the “me.” Along with it, thought has also created division and fragmentation. From this division spring fear and sorrow, wars and destruction. Man kills in the name of nation, of religion, of ideology — all extensions of the self, of the “me” seeking permanence in symbols and beliefs. In this way, the self, which is born of thought, destroys the very life from which it has arisen.
To end this cycle, one must see clearly the source of fragmentation. The problem is not outside — not in systems,

not in structures — but in the illusion that there is a separate "me." To see the falseness of this directly, without resistance, without judgment, is the beginning of intelligence.

Such intelligence is not born of thought. It is not the outcome of analysis, effort, or will. It flowers naturally when the mind perceives without distortion. In that seeing, the "me" dissolves, and with it the burden of fear, sorrow, and conflict. Then life is whole, unfragmented, moving in harmony with the vastness to which it belongs.

The "me" is the shadow of thought. To see its illusion is the ending of division and the awakening of wholeness.

***

Poetic

Out of memory,
out of thought,
a shadow was born—
they called it me.

Fragile,
it trembles,
forever seeking
to protect itself.

In its fear
are sorrow and struggle,
in its hunger
are jealousy and war.

The shadow says:

I must endure,
I must succeed,
I must become.

And man, believing,
kills and divides,
destroys the very earth
that gave him breath.

But look closely:
this “me” has no root.
It is only thought
chasing its own echo.

When the shadow is seen
for what it is,
the burden falls away.

Then life moves whole,
without division,
like a river
flowing to the sea.

“The ‘me’ is the shadow of thought; when seen as illusion, it ends.”

*****

The “me,” seeing the disorder it has brought into life, seeks to refine itself. It invents the division of thinker and thought. It says: “I, the thinker, am separate from thought. I will control, shape, and purify thought. I will improve myself.” But is the thinker really different from thought? Or is the thinker itself born of thought?

Thought has created the image of a controller, an observer, something higher and superior, and has given it authority over its own movement. Yet when you look closely, the observer is nothing other than the observed; the thinker is nothing but thought. They are one and the same movement.

So, when the thinker tries to discipline thought, it is thought disciplining itself. When the observer tries to change the observed, it is still the play of thought within its own shadow. In this there is no real transformation, only the endless motion of illusion attempting to refine itself.

This is the vicious cycle of becoming: thought dividing itself and pretending that one fragment can control another. Within that cycle there is no freedom, no betterment, only continuity of the same confusion.

There can be no true progress in the field of illusion. To seek betterment there is like rearranging the patterns of smoke and calling it order. Illusion cannot be perfected; it must end. Only when illusion is seen wholly for what it is does the movement of thought fall silent. And in that silence, there is freedom — not born of refinement, but of the ending of illusion itself.

The thinker and the thought, the observer and the observed, are not separate. To see this is the ending of illusion, and the beginning of freedom.

***

Poetic

The “me,”
seeing the chaos it breeds,

whispers:
I will change,
I will improve,
I will make myself whole.

So, it divides—
thinker and thought,
observer and observed,
controller and controlled.

But look closely:
the thinker is thought,
the observer is the observed,
the controller is only
another shadow of the controlled.

One fragment
pretending to rule another,
illusion polishing illusion,
smoke rearranging itself in air.

In this cycle
there is no freedom,
no true change.

Illusion cannot be refined;
it can only end.

And when it ends,
there is silence.
Not the silence of suppression,
but the stillness of truth—
whole, vast,
untouched by the “me.”

"The thinker is the thought; the observer is the observed. In this seeing, illusion ends."

*****

One says: "It is madness to live without the self. How can one totally dissolve the 'me'? Is not survival itself proof that the self is necessary? Look at nature: the lion hunts the deer; the strong survive and the weak perish. Without the instinct of self-preservation, life cannot go on."

But another replies: "You are confusing the physical organism's survival with the psychological 'me.' The body must indeed be cared for — fed, protected, healed when sick. But the psychological self, the 'me' that thought has created, is not necessary for survival. On the contrary, it breeds fear, conflict, and division."

The "me" says: "I must endure, I must achieve, I must become." It compares, competes, isolates itself, and in its movement, it creates violence and sorrow. This is not survival — it is fragmentation.

There is another way of living, but it cannot be understood while clinging to the "me." Only when one steps outside that illusion does another dimension of existence reveal itself.

That existence is not "my life" or "your life." It is life itself — whole, undivided, sacred. In that dimension there is no separation, no competition, no survival of the fittest. There is only compassion, love without object, a vast intelligence that acts without the center of the self.

This way of being is not to be imagined or believed in; it comes only when the "me" dissolves, when thought is silent

in the field of the inner. Then life is no longer a struggle of survival, but a flowering of wholeness.

There is existence with the "me," full of division and struggle. And there is existence beyond the "me," whole, compassionate, and sacred. To discover the latter, the former must end.

***

A Dialogue

Question: "You say one can live without the self. But that is madness! How can one totally dissolve the 'me'? Isn't survival itself proof that the self is essential? Look at nature: the lion hunts the deer; the strong survive while the weak perish. Without the instinct of 'me,' life would end."

Answer: "Are you sure? You are confusing the survival of the physical organism with the psychological self. The body must indeed be fed, protected, clothed, and cared for. But the psychological 'me' — the center created by thought, with its ambitions, fears, and desires — is not necessary for survival. In fact, it breeds conflict and destruction."

Question: "But without the 'me,' what would drive us? What would give us purpose?"

Answer: "It is the 'me' that creates endless struggle — comparison, competition, jealousy, violence. This is not purpose; it is fragmentation. The self seeks continuity, permanence, but in its movement, it divides man against man, family against family, nation against nation. That very movement is the source of sorrow."

Question: “Then you are suggesting another kind of existence?”

Answer: “Yes. There is another way of being — but it cannot be known while clinging to the ‘me.’ Only when thought sees its own limitation, only when the ‘me’ dissolves, does that dimension reveal itself. It is not my life or your life. It is life itself — whole, undivided, sacred.”

Question: “Sacred? What do you mean?”

Answer: “When the ‘me’ ends, what remains is compassion, love without object, intelligence without center. It is not something to be sought or imagined. It comes naturally, like a breeze, when the noise of self is silent. That is the sacred. That is true existence — not the survival of the fittest, but the flowering of wholeness.”

To live as the ‘me’ is to live in division. To end the ‘me’ is to live in wholeness, with compassion and sacredness that belong to no one, yet embrace all.

***

Poetic

The lion hunts,
the deer runs—
in nature’s rhythm
life continues.

But man,
with thought,
creates another hunt:
the chase of me

against you,
the endless struggle
to become,
to endure,
to conquer.

The body needs bread,
shelter,
the touch of care.
But the “me”
demands more—
power, permanence,
a throne in time.

From this illusion
rise division and war,
jealousy and sorrow,
fear without end.

Yet there is another way.

When the “me” dissolves,
life is no longer
my life or your life.
It is one flame,
burning without center,
whole,
compassionate,
sacred.

Not survival of the fittest,
but the flowering of love
beyond survival,
beyond self.

"Life is whole only when the 'me' ends; then survival gives way to sacredness."

*****

The ego — the "me" — is always more important than the "you," the "we," or the "they." This sense of "I" first, of my safety, my success, my belief, creates the division that poisons human relationship.

Thought has invented this center called the "me," and around it it builds walls of identification: my family, my community, my nation, my religion, my ideology. From these identifications come comparison, competition, and conflict. The "me" expands itself into the "we" — our nation, our faith, our cause — but it is still the same self, only magnified. Against "we" stands "they," and so the division deepens, and with it fear, mistrust, and violence.

Thought is the source of this separation. It divides in order to protect, but in that very division it creates insecurity. Each fragment is fighting for survival against every other fragment. The pattern repeats endlessly: the individual against another individual, one group against another group, nation against nation.

This separation is the root of human conflict. As long as the "me" remains the center, there can be no true relationship, no peace, no compassion. Seeing this is not an intellectual exercise; it is to observe in daily life how thought constantly divides, how it puts the self first in every movement.

When this is seen with clarity, the illusion of separateness begins to dissolve. Then there is no "me" and "you," no "we" and "they," but only the wholeness of life. In that wholeness,

there is compassion, not as sentiment or duty, but as the natural flowering of a mind free from division.

The self divides and calls that division security. But the ending of the "me" is the ending of separation, and therefore the beginning of love.

***

Poetic

The "me" whispers:
I am first,
I am greater,
my safety, my success,
my faith, my tribe.

And around itself
it builds walls:
my family,
my community,
my nation,
my God.

From "me"
it grows into "we,"
and against it
stands "they."
So, the battle begins—
endlessly,
ceaselessly,
with sorrow and fear
as its companions.

Thought creates

this separation,
believing it brings security.
But in division
there is only conflict,
never peace.

When the walls are seen
for what they are—
illusions of thought,
shadows of fear—
they fall away.

Then there is no “me,”
no “you,”
no “we,”
no “they,”
but only life,
whole,
undivided.

And in that wholeness
compassion flowers,
without boundary,
without end.

“The self divides and calls it security; but in wholeness alone is peace.”

*****

Life has journeyed through immense stretches of time — from the first stirrings of chemical reactions to the flowering of complex organisms. In this movement, the human brain has become extraordinarily refined, capable of memory, language, invention, and imagination. Thought is the

outcome of this long biological evolution. It is the residue of experience, the accumulated storehouse of knowledge passed from generation to generation.

In the outer world, thought has performed wonders. It has built bridges across rivers and sent probes across the stars. It has created medicines that heal, machines that multiply strength, and systems that organize the affairs of millions. In this field, thought is precise, necessary, and deeply valuable.

But thought, born of the past, inevitably carries limitation. It can only operate within what it has already known. When this same instrument, so useful in practical life, enters the inward field of relationship, love, and the search for meaning, it becomes destructive. For thought divides: it sets “me” apart from “you,” “us” against “them.” It compares, measures, and judges, giving rise to envy, fear, ambition, and sorrow.

The pitfall lies in man’s unconscious assumption that what has served him biologically and materially must also serve him inwardly. We seek security through belief, permanence in relationship, certainty in the future — all projected by thought. Yet in this very movement is the seed of conflict, for thought cannot capture the living. It can only repeat, modify, and project. Thus, man is caught in the prison of his own creation.

To see this is the beginning of freedom. Freedom is not in denying thought, nor in suppressing it, but in understanding its right place. In matters of technology and daily function, thought is essential. But in the realm of the heart, of love, of the immeasurable, thought has no authority.

When the mind sees this division clearly, without choice, there is a natural ending of thought’s intrusion where it does

not belong. Out of that ending comes a different quality of mind — not born of evolution, not the result of time, but a silence untouched by the past. In that silence, life reveals itself whole, without division, without conflict.

This is the true flowering of man: not the continuation of biological evolution through more sophisticated forms of thought, but the awakening of awareness beyond thought altogether. Only then can humanity live in peace, in compassion, in the sacred vastness of creation.

***

Poetic

Out of the long ages,
thought was born—
a fragment of memory,
a tool for survival.

It built the bridge,
it carved the wheel,
it named the stars
and measured the seas.

But in the heart,
this same tool divides:
“I” and “you,”
envy and fear,
sorrow and becoming.

Thought seeks permanence
where nothing is permanent,
security
where life is ever moving.

To see this clearly
is to end the illusion.
Then silence flowers—
not of suppression,
but of freedom.

In that silence,
life is whole,
untouched by time,
vast, sacred,
immeasurable.

"Thought is born of time, useful in its place, but disastrous when it seeks to shape the heart."

"When thought finds its right place, the mind is free to touch the timeless."

*****

Thought has given man immense power. It has built civilizations, produced art, and unlocked the hidden laws of nature. Yet, in the very act of constructing and naming, thought also weaves a net of illusion.

What is this illusion? Thought arises from memory, from experience stored as knowledge. It projects what it knows into the present, and from that projection it draws meaning. But what it knows is always the past, the already finished. To live through thought is to live in shadows — shadows of what has been, not the living truth of what is.

When you see a tree, do you meet it as it is, or do you meet the word, the image, the associations you carry? The word "tree" is not the tree. The memory of yesterday's sunset is not the living light now flooding the horizon. Yet the mind,

conditioned to function in terms of symbols and images, confuses the sign with the reality. This confusion is the illusion of thought.

Thought creates the self, the "I," the observer who stands apart from life. It then strengthens this image through comparison, ambition, fear, and desire. But the "self" is nothing but a bundle of memories and experiences, constantly reshaped by thought. Seeing the illusion as real, man suffers endlessly in its prison.

Is it possible to live without this distortion? Not by suppressing thought, not by clinging to an idea of "no-thought," but by perceiving directly how illusion arises. The moment the mind sees that thought can never capture the living, that its projections are mere echoes of the past, the illusion falls away.

Then there is a different order of perception — a seeing without the observer, a listening without the interference of memory. In that clarity, life is revealed as whole. Love is no longer bound to the image of the beloved. Fear has no ground, for there is no self to protect. Sorrow ends, because the past no longer dictates the present.

This freedom is not the product of thought. It is the ending of illusion, and therefore the beginning of truth.

"The mind lives in the images it creates, and those images it calls reality."

"When illusion ends, truth does not have to be sought; it simply is."

***

Poetic

Thought is a mirror
that never holds the sky,
only the image,
never the vastness.

It names, it measures,
it carries the past
into the living moment,
and calls its shadow “reality.”

The self it weaves
is a bundle of echoes—
memories clothed in words,
desires chasing themselves.

But the mirror cracks
when one sees
the image is not the real.

Then silence opens—
not the silence of sleep,
but of seeing without the seer,
of living without illusion.

And in that silence,
truth stands naked,
needing no thought
to shine.

*****

The mind is endlessly active. It projects, compares, judges, measures. Out of its movement arise conflict, desire, fear, and sorrow. These are the problems of man — not the

challenges of nature, not the storms or earthquakes, but the burdens we carry inwardly.

Thought creates these problems. It says: I must succeed, I must become, I must secure my tomorrow. In that very movement, it creates fear of failure, the pain of comparison, the loneliness of isolation. Then, confronted by the problems it has created, thought sets about trying to solve them.

But can thought solve the problems it has itself brought into being? It tries endlessly: inventing ideals, shaping beliefs, building systems of morality, promising rewards in heaven or punishments in hell. Yet in all these attempts, thought is still operating from the same ground — the past, the known, the limited. The problem and the solution come from the same source, therefore the solution only extends the problem in a different form.

See how it works: fear is created by thought projecting the future. Then thought invents methods to overcome fear — through discipline, suppression, or belief. But those very methods are born of thought and therefore contain within them the seed of further fear. So, fear never ends.

This is the endless circle of the mind: creating division and then trying to mend it, creating sorrow and then trying to escape from it.

To see this whole movement clearly is the beginning of freedom. The moment one perceives that thought cannot solve the problems it has created, the mind becomes silent — not through discipline, not through suppression, but naturally, as a fact. In that silence, problems dissolve, because their creator is absent.

This silence is not the product of time. It is not the opposite of noise. It is a stillness in which life is perceived directly, without distortion. And in that perception, there is no problem at all. There is only the living moment, whole and unbroken.

When thought ends, problems end, and life flowers in clarity and compassion.

"The maker of the problem cannot be the solver of the problem."

"Thought creates the problem, and then thought tries to solve it; in that movement there is no ending."

***

Poetic

Thought builds the wall,
then seeks a door;
it makes the chain,
then dreams of freedom.

It projects fear,
then invents belief
to cover the fear
it has made.

It creates sorrow,
then searches for comfort—
but the search
is still sorrow.

Problem and solution
spring from the same root.

Thus, the circle turns,
never ending.

See it once,
see it wholly,
and the circle breaks.

In that stillness
there is no problem,
no solver—
only life,
vast,
clear,
untouched.

*****

Some teachings tell us, “Realize that you are not the body.” But if you look closely, who is this “I” that claims, I am not the body? Is it not thought itself creating an image of the body, then denying it?

Question: Many teachings say, “Realize that I am not the body.” Is this the right way to approach truth?

Answer: Who is the one that says, I am not the body? Is it not thought itself? Thought first creates the image of the body, then denies it, and calls that denial wisdom. But the very “I” that claims freedom is itself the creation of thought.

Question: Then is there no true self apart from the false self?

Answer: There is no division at all. The “false I” and the “true I” are both the invention of the mind. Thought sustains this duality. But see clearly: the thinker is the thought, the observer is the observed.

Question: So, what remains when the "I" is seen as illusion?

Answer: What remains is not describable. It is wholeness, silence, a movement of life without a center. In that state, there is no "me" and "you," no "me" and "tree"—only the indivisible fact of being.

*****

Life is Choiceless Awareness

Life is meant to be lived in choiceless awareness. In that state, there is no center from which thought operates, and therefore no shadow of the self. When thought ceases to dictate the movement of living, all its expressions — comparison, jealousy, ambition, envy, hatred, fear, sorrow, and division — naturally fall away. They wither because their root is no longer nourished.

Choiceless awareness is not an ideal to be cultivated, nor a practice to be repeated. It comes into being when the mind perceives directly, without distortion, without the interference of memory and judgment. In that clarity there is no observer separate from the observed; there is only the fact unfolding in the light of attention.

Thought has its utility in the field of knowledge and action, but when it invades the realm of relationship, love, and inward living, it breeds conflict. To see this deeply — not intellectually, but as one sees a fire — is the ending of its mischief. And in that ending there is freedom.

In choiceless awareness, life is simple, whole, and unfragmented. There is no pursuit of becoming, no burden of the past projecting itself into the future. There is only the living moment, fresh and uncorrupted. In such living, there is love, compassion, and the beauty of being without measure.

***

Poetic

Life flowers when the mind is still,

when no shadow of the self intrudes.
The stream of thought, with its roots of fear,
comparison, envy, sorrow—
falls silent,
like a fire that fades when not fed.

Awareness is not a practice,
not an ideal to be polished each day.
It comes when the heart sees directly—
without memory, without judgment,
without the watcher apart from the watched.

In that seeing,
there is no conflict,
no burden of becoming,
no past dragging itself into the unborn tomorrow.
There is only the living moment—
fresh, whole, uncorrupted.

Then love moves without measure,
compassion breathes without effort,
and life,
unbroken,
is simple beauty.

*****

Listening and observing are the very heart of understanding. Yet few of us truly listen, and fewer still truly observe. We listen through the screen of our opinions, our judgments, our memories. We observe through the images we have built, the conclusions we carry. In such listening and such observing

there is no freshness, no discovery — only the repetition of the old.

The art of listening is to listen without resistance and without choice. To listen not merely to the words, but to the silence between words, to the movement behind them. When the mind is still, not comparing, not interpreting, not preparing its reply, then listening is total. In that total attention, truth reveals itself.
The art of observing is to see without the observer. The observer is the past — knowledge, memory, experience — which looks at the present and distorts it. To observe without the observer is to see directly, without naming, without condemning, without grasping. In such pure seeing, the fact flowers without distortion.

When there is listening and observing of this kind, the division between the inner and the outer disappears. The cry of a child, the flight of a bird, the stirring of thought, the movement of fear — all are part of one flow of life. In that flow, there is no "me" separate from what is heard or seen. There is only listening, only observing.

This is not a technique to be practiced, for practice implies effort and time, and time dulls sensitivity. It is an art — a living thing — that flowers in choiceless awareness.

In this art, life is encountered freshly, without the burden of yesterday. Then every sound, every sight, every relationship becomes a mirror in which the whole of existence is reflected. And in that reflection there is clarity, compassion, and a sense of the sacred.

"Listening without resistance and observing without the observer — this is the art that opens the door to truth."

"To listen is to be silent; to observe is to be without the observer."

***

Poetic

Listening Eyes, Seeing Ears

(This title is intentionally paradoxical. In deep attention, the senses are not divided — to listen is also to see, and to see is also to listen. All the senses act together. Perception is one whole movement.)

We listen,
but through the noise
of memory,
the chatter of reply,
the shadow of judgment.

We look,
but through the veil
of names,
of past images,
of what we want to see.

So, we never truly hear,
we never truly see.

To listen is to be silent—
not agreeing,
not resisting,
but utterly still.

To observe is to look
without the observer—
no past to colour,
no thought to measure.

Then the cry of a bird,
the movement of a leaf,
the stirring of sorrow
within the heart,
all are seen freshly,
without distance.

Listening becomes seeing,
seeing becomes listening—
and in that wholeness
there is truth,
there is love,
there is the sacred.

"In total attention, listening and seeing are one."

*****

Awareness of Dullness

We often say, "My mind is dull, heavy, clouded." Then we begin to struggle: "How can I sharpen it? How can I become more intelligent, more alive?" In that effort there is comparison with what we think we should be, and in comparison, there is conflict. This very struggle to escape dullness is part of dullness itself.
But when there is simple, direct awareness of dullness — when you see it without judgment, without wishing to change it — something altogether different takes place. In that very seeing, dullness loses its grip.

Awareness has no opposite. It is not the pursuit of brightness against dullness. It is a flame that lights up whatever is. To be aware of dullness, without escape into ideals or condemnation, is the ending of dullness.

So, freedom does not come through effort, through practice, or through becoming. It comes the moment the fact is seen wholly. The very awareness of dullness is the freedom from dullness.

To see clearly what is — without resistance, without judgment — is already freedom. Awareness itself is liberation.

***

Poetic

You say, I am dull,
and in seeking to change it
you remain in its shadow.

Effort to escape
is part of the same dullness,
comparison only deepens
the fog.

But when the mind
looks without judgment,
without running,
without naming—
there is only seeing.

And in that seeing
dullness is gone,
like darkness
dissolving in light.

Awareness needs no remedy;
it is the flame
that ends what it sees.

"To see dullness wholly is the ending of dullness."

*****

The "me" is always choosing. It chooses what is pleasant and avoids what is painful; it clings to what is remembered and rejects what disturbs. In this endless process of choice, the self strengthens itself. It says: "I like this, I don't like that. This is mine, that is not mine. This will help me, that will harm me." Choice, in its very nature, is the movement of the "me."

But is there an awareness without choice? An awareness that simply sees, without preference, without the distortion of desire and fear?

Choiceless awareness is not indifference. It is not passivity or resignation. It is a living attention in which every thought, every feeling, every movement of the mind is seen as it arises. In such awareness, there is no condemnation, no justification, no escape. The fact is seen as fact.

When anger arises, the self immediately says: "I must control it, I must overcome it, I must not be angry." That very effort strengthens the "me." But in choiceless awareness, anger is simply observed — its energy, its movement, its cause — without the observer interfering. In that direct seeing, anger comes to an end naturally, without suppression.
This awareness cannot be cultivated, for cultivation implies method, and method belongs to time. The moment you say, "I will practice choiceless awareness," you have already

created division between what is and what should be. Awareness is only when there is no controller, no goal, no becoming.

In such awareness, the “me” has no place. The observer is not separate from the observed. There is only the fact unfolding in the light of attention. And when there is no interference of the “me,” the mind is astonishingly quiet — not forced into silence, but naturally still.

In that stillness there is no fragmentation. Life is whole, unbroken. Out of that wholeness arises love, compassion, and an intelligence beyond thought. This is not the awareness of “my awareness” or “your awareness.” It is awareness itself — choiceless, boundless, sacred.

Where there is choiceless awareness, the “me” is absent. What remains is life in its wholeness — still, compassionate, and sacred.

***

Poetic

The “me” is forever choosing—
this I desire,
that I reject,
this I will keep,
that I must resist.

Choice strengthens the self,
builds its walls,
tightens its chains.

But there is an awareness

beyond choice—
a flame of seeing
that needs no preference,
no division.

Anger arises;
not suppressed,
not judged,
only seen.
And in the seeing
it ends,
like a shadow
dissolving in light.

This awareness cannot be practiced;
to practice is to divide.
It comes only
when the “me” is silent,
when the observer is not.

Then the mind is still—
not forced,
not cultivated,
but naturally quiet,
open as the sky.
In that stillness
life is whole.
Love flowers,
compassion flows,
intelligence awakens.

Not my awareness,
not your awareness,
but awareness itself—
choiceless,

boundless,
sacred.

"In choiceless awareness, the 'me' is not; what remains is the wholeness of life."

*****

Thought as Matter

Thought is the response of memory, of stored experience, of the brain's material cells. It depends on the functioning of the nervous system, on the chemistry of the brain. It moves from one association to another, always bound to time. Therefore, thought is matter.

Consciousness as the Content of Thought

What we call consciousness is the field of all that thought has built — our fears, desires, beliefs, memories, pleasures, sorrows. That field is matter too, for it is sustained by the brain, by sensation, by the material processes of neurons. Consciousness as "what I am" is nothing but the movement of matter.

Awareness Beyond Matter

But awareness is of a different order. Awareness is the simple act of seeing, listening, being present without the past interfering. When you look at a tree without naming it, when you listen to a bird without translating it into thought, there is awareness. In that state, the brain is quiet; there is no movement of the "me." That silence is not matter, because it is not a product of time, not constructed by memory. It has no cause.

Life's Choiceless Awareness and Cosmic Awareness

When awareness is choiceless — not bound to desire, not pulled by fear, not conditioned by memory — it may be that it is not merely personal. In such awareness, the division between "me" and "the world," between "observer" and "observed," dissolves. What remains is not "my awareness," but awareness as such.

And this awareness is not separate from the cosmos. The cosmos moves in order — in balance, in intelligence beyond comprehension. Choiceless awareness is perhaps the flowering of that very order in the human mind. Not that the cosmos "thinks" or "remembers" as man does, but that the intelligence of life and the intelligence of the universe are one movement, glimpsed when thought is silent.

- Thought = material process.
- Consciousness (as content) = matter, sustained by thought.
- Awareness = not of matter, timeless, causeless.
- Choiceless awareness = not personal, is cosmic order — the universal intelligence expressing in life.

*****

Meditative Awareness: The Way of Living, not a Luxury

"Meditation is not apart from life; it is the perfume of living in awareness."

Most people think of meditation as a practice — something to be done for a few minutes in the morning, or as a luxury for the few who have leisure. It is treated as an escape from the pressures of living, a technique to gain calmness or control, or a method to achieve some imagined spiritual state. But such practices remain within the field of thought, bound to time and motive.

True meditation is not a practice, not a method, not an achievement. It is awareness — a choiceless observation of what is, inwardly and outwardly. This awareness is not separate from daily living; it is the very essence of living.

To watch a tree without naming it, to listen to another without the screen of memory, to see the movement of desire and fear within oneself without judgment — this is meditation. It is not an act of isolation but of wholeness, a quality of attention that permeates every relationship, every thought, every action.

Meditative awareness is not the privilege of the few, nor the luxury of those who withdraw from life. It is the necessity of anyone who wishes to live without conflict, without sorrow, without illusion. For without awareness, the mind lives mechanically, repeating patterns of conditioning, trapped in the known.

This awareness cannot be cultivated by will. The moment one says, I will be aware, one has already divided the observer from the observed. But when there is simple seeing — without motive, without choice — awareness flowers naturally. In that flowering there is order, clarity, and compassion.

Meditative living is therefore not apart from action. It is not retreat, but the ground of true relationship. It is the silence from which love flows, the stillness in which truth is seen. To live without this awareness is to live half-blind; to live with it is to live wholly, deeply, sacredly.

"Meditative awareness is not luxury — it is the very ground of living without conflict, the essence of a sacred life."

***

Poetic

Meditation is not
the practice of minutes,
not a retreat
from the noise of living.

It is the seeing
of a thought as it arises,
the listening
to another without shadow,
the looking
at a tree without a name.

Awareness is not luxury,
not the pastime of the few.
It is the breath of life,
the flame that clears confusion,
the silence that heals sorrow.

When awareness flowers,
love moves without motive,
compassion flows without end,

and life carries
the perfume of the sacred.

"Awareness is meditation in daily living, not an escape from it."

*****

A psychological problem exists only when the mind is divided.

It is born of contradiction—when thought resists, when it clings, when it judges. The problem is not out there; it is something that the mind itself has nourished, a seed it has given soil to.

When one gives complete attention to the problem, without escape, without seeking a solution, something extraordinary happens. To be with the problem wholly—without separation between the observer and the observed—is to end it.

Attention that is total has no motive, no prejudice, no desire to conclude. In such attention there is no comparison, no condemnation, no judgment. Then the problem, which thrived on conflict and division, withers away. What remains is silence, clarity, and the ending of that problem.

*****

Man is shaped by centuries of tradition, belief, fear, authority, knowledge, and experience. This shaping is what we call conditioning. It is not only political or religious; it enters into every thought, every reaction, every perception. When you say, I am a Hindu, a Christian, a Muslim, an Indian, a doctor, a writer, you are speaking from that background. Even when you look at a tree, or your neighbour, you see through the screen of this conditioning.

Now, the question is: how can one be free of it? If you set about analyzing each layer, judging each influence, comparing one conditioning with another, you are still moving within the field of conditioning, because thought itself is conditioned. The analyzer is not separate from what he analyzes.

To see this fact directly — not as an idea, not as a theory, but as an immediate truth — is the beginning of freedom. When the mind perceives its own bondage without choice, without condemnation, without seeking to escape, then that very perception is the ending of the chain.

It is like bringing a light into a dark room: you don't fight with the darkness, you don't push it out; the presence of light is the ending of darkness. In the same way, the clear seeing of one's conditioning is the ending of it. No method, no discipline, no guru is needed — only the choiceless awareness of what is.

***

Poetic

Man is woven by the past,

threads of belief, tradition, fear, and memory.

He carries names, labels, nations, gods—

all the echoes of centuries whispering in his mind.

And when he looks at a tree, a star, or his neighbour,

he does not see them as they are—

he sees them through the veil of his conditioning.

Can he tear it apart?
Can he struggle against each thread,
analyze each shadow,
judge what to keep and what to throw away?
The very hand that tries to untie the knot
is itself bound by the knot.
The analyzer is not apart from what he analyzes.

But if the mind sees this whole movement
without choice, without condemnation,
without running to escape—
that very seeing is freedom.
Like a flame brought into darkness,
it does not fight the shadows,
it simply ends them.

So it is with conditioning:
the light of awareness, choiceless and clear,
dissolves it in the very moment of perception.
No guru, no system, no effort is needed.
Only the simple, direct seeing
of what is.

*****

The Falseness of Ātma, the Real Self

"The self, whether low or exalted, is still the self — and in it there is no freedom."

From the beginning of human thought, man has sought permanence. Religions and philosophies across centuries have promised an essence, a soul, an ātma — an enduring "real self" that survives death, untouched by change. This notion offers comfort, continuity, and the assurance of immortality.

But is it true? Or is it another projection of thought?

The "self," whether called ego, soul, or ātma, is built upon memory. It is the center that gathers experience, identifies with sensations, clings to belief, and strengthens itself by naming something as "mine." Even when man calls it eternal, it is still born of thought's desire for security.

Can thought, which is fragmentary, limited, and conditioned, ever give rise to the eternal? Is not the so-called "real self" an illusion woven by fear of nothingness, fear of ending? The mind, unable to face its own impermanence, invents the idea of a permanent essence.

To see this is not to fall into despair; on the contrary, it is liberation. For when the illusion of an enduring self is seen as false, what remains is not emptiness in the negative sense but emptiness that is full — a silence unbound, a wholeness without center.

This emptiness is not the “real self.” It is not another idea to be held onto. It is the ending of the search for security in images, words, and beliefs. When the self is not, the division between observer and observed disappears. In that undivided state, there is only the living movement of truth, which cannot be captured by any name.

Freedom is not in discovering the “true self” but in seeing that the search itself is false. The ending of illusion is the beginning of the sacred.

Where the self is not, truth flowers — not as “mine” or “yours,” but as the eternal present.

***

Poetic

The self says, I endure,
clothed in names,
promised by belief,
guarded by fear.

It weaves its own shadow,
calls it eternal,
and trembles at the thought
of ending.

But see—
the “real self” is only thought
afraid of its silence,
a mirror repeating
its own image.

When this illusion falls,

there is no emptiness of despair,
but a stillness
without boundary.

No self,
no center—
only wholeness,
timeless,
sacred.

*****

This illusionary self, aware that the physical organism to which it is confined will one day come to an end, has sought refuge in the idea of permanence. Out of fear of death, thought has invented continuity and called it Ātma — the soul, the eternal essence that supposedly survives when the body dies.

But is this real, or is it another invention of thought?

The body is of the earth. It is born of matter, sustained by food, air, and water, and inevitably returns to dust. Confronted with the certainty of this ending, thought — unable to face its own impermanence — creates the hope of something that will endure beyond death. Thus, the self, which is already an illusion, gives birth to another illusion: the promise of everlasting continuity.

From this invention arise countless stories: reincarnation, heavens and hells, cycles of reward and punishment. They may comfort, but they also bring fear, authority, ritual, division, and the heavy burden of belief. Instead of meeting life directly and wholly in the present, man becomes enslaved to the hope of what lies beyond, turning this very life into a battlefield of anxiety and uncertainty.

The fact is simple: the search for continuity is born of fear. The "soul," as imagined, is not the eternal, but the projection of thought. And thought, being time-bound, can never touch the timeless.

When this is seen directly — not as an idea, not as belief, but as fact — the mind is free to live in the sacred present. Then death is not an enemy but part of life's unfolding. And in that unfolding there is no need for invented permanency, for life itself is whole, undivided, immeasurable, without beginning and without end.

The so-called Ātma is the self's invention of continuity — an illusion within an illusion. In seeing this, one discovers the timeless in the present, not in the promise of tomorrow.

***

Poetic

Illusion Within Illusion

The body,
born of earth,
feeds on air and grain,
and returns to dust.

Seeing its own end,
the shadow called "me"
grew afraid.

It whispered of continuity,
invented a soul,
an eternal witness
that would outlive the grave.

And thought,
believing its own story,
wove tales of rebirth,
of heavens and hells,
of endless tomorrow.

But the soul it proclaims
is still its own echo,
an illusion within illusion,
a dream within thought.

So, man, chasing forever,
forgets the living flame—
this breath,
this moment,
the sacred present.

Only when illusion is seen
as illusion,
does fear fall away.

And life,
without tomorrow,
flowers whole,
timeless,
complete.

"The Atma of thought is an illusion within an illusion; the timeless is only in the present."

*****

Every human being has known it: a door is closed, the way denied, and suddenly, in a manner not planned, something happens. A stranger extends help, an old friend appears at the

right moment, a word is spoken that changes the course of things. The mind calls it coincidence, destiny, or divine intervention.

But what is the truth of such moments?

Thought rushes to explain — "It was fate… it was God's will… it was my good karma." Such explanations bring comfort, but they do not touch the essence. The fact is that life is not a chain of isolated events. Life is one indivisible movement, and in that movement, the unexpected arises.

What astonishes us is not that it happens, but that we live so narrowly within the known — our plans, our securities, our calculations — that when life moves beyond them, we call it miracle. Yet the unforeseen is as natural as the sunrise, as inevitable as the falling of rain.

The beauty of these moments lies not in attaching them to destiny, nor in making them proof of divine plan. Their significance is in what they reveal: that our control is small, that life is vast, and that compassion or relationship can appear anywhere, at any time.

To see this without superstition is to see life as one whole. Then the unexpected is no longer strange, but simply the flowering of wholeness in daily living.

***

Poetic

A door closes,
the path ends,

and the heart sinks.

Then suddenly,
without plan,
without reason,
a hand is extended,
a word is spoken,
and the way opens.

We call it fate,
we call it miracle,
but it is life itself
moving beyond our measure.

The unexpected
is not extraordinary—
it is the wholeness of life
breaking through
the fences of thought.

Where the self is not,
compassion acts.
Where belief is not,
wonder remains.

The unexpected is not the mark of destiny, but the revelation of life's indivisible wholeness.

In choiceless awareness, there is no resistance, no direction chosen by desire or fear. Life moves of itself, carrying you where it will — not as an isolated individual, but as part of the vast, indivisible whole. In that movement there is no

"you" being guided, no center that decides. There is only the flow of life itself, unfolding in freedom.

"In choiceless awareness, life flows without division; you are the movement, not apart from it."

"Life is not fragments; it is one indivisible movement in which the unexpected flowers."

*****

From ancient times, humanity has sought salvation. Religions have promised it as deliverance from sin, as entry into heaven, as liberation in another world. Philosophers have spoken of it as moksha, nirvana, enlightenment. Systems, rituals, and disciplines have been offered as steps toward this ultimate prize.

But what is salvation? Is it an end to suffering, a reward for obedience, a state to be achieved through time and effort? If salvation is thought of as something to be gained tomorrow, then it belongs to time, and what belongs to time is always within the field of thought. Thought, being conditioned and limited, cannot bring about the limitless.

The promise of salvation becomes another form of bondage. The mind clings to belief, practices discipline, and follows authority, all in the hope of reaching the eternal. Yet what it clings to is its own projection, its own creation. This is not freedom; it is captivity in another name.

True salvation is not in the future. It is not the result of method, nor the fruit of effort. Salvation is the ending of the self — the self that is fear, desire, ambition, sorrow. When

the “me” comes to an end, there is freedom. That freedom is salvation.

This ending does not happen through will, through suppression, or through escape. It happens in the choiceless awareness of what is. To see the movement of thought, the illusion of self, the falseness of becoming — to see it wholly — is to end it. And in that ending is the beginning of the immeasurable.

Salvation is not elsewhere. It is not in a future heaven or in another birth. It is here, in the timeless present, when the mind is still, when the self is absent. In that silence, life flowers in wholeness. That flowering is the sacred, beyond all words, beyond all promises.

“Salvation is not in the future; it is in the ending of the self now.”

“Salvation is not given, not attained — it is in the ending of the self, and in that ending is freedom.”

***

Poetic

Man seeks salvation
in temples and prayers,
in books and promises,
in tomorrows of hope.

But what is sought
is born of thought,
and what thought creates
is bound to time.

Salvation is not
a reward to be earned,
nor a gift to be given.

It is the ending
of the self—
the “me” that clings,
that fears,
that desires to become.

When the self is not,
there is freedom.
In that freedom
is silence,
and in that silence
the sacred flowers.

The ending is salvation.
It is here,
not tomorrow.

“Salvation is not in becoming; it is in the ending of becoming.”

*****

Life Is Relationship

"To be is to be related; without relationship there is no life."

Life is relationship. From the moment of birth to the moment of death, we exist in relationship — with people, with nature, with ideas, with ourselves. Relationship is not something secondary to life; it is the very movement of living.

Yet our relationships are often burdened by images. We do not meet another directly, but through the screen of memory — the hurt of yesterday, the pleasure of an old smile, the expectation of tomorrow. We relate not to the living person but to the image we have built about them. The same is true inwardly: we relate to ourselves through ideas of what we are or what we should be. These images divide, and where there is division there is conflict.

Relationship then becomes a battlefield: between husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, nation and nation. In seeking security through attachment, we create dependence; in seeking freedom through detachment, we create isolation. Neither brings love.

True relationship exists only when there is direct perception, when the screen of images is absent. To see another as they are — without judgment, without memory, without expectation — is to meet them anew. In such seeing, there is no division between observer and observed. There is only the fact, alive in the present.

In this state, relationship is no longer a source of conflict but of communion. There is no possession, no domination, no

dependence. There is affection without attachment, care without fear, love without shadow.

To live is to relate, and to relate truly is to live wholly. Without relationship, life has no meaning. But when relationship is free of images, it becomes the mirror of truth, the flowering of love, the ground of compassion.

Life is relationship; when the image ends, love begins.

***

Poetic

Life breathes in relationship—
with the tree that gives shade,
with the bird that sings at dawn,
with the face beside you,
with the silence within.

But thought builds images:
of you, of me,
of what was,
of what should be.

Through these shadows
we look at one another,
and in that looking
love is lost.

To meet without image
is to meet in truth—
fresh, alive,
without yesterday,

without tomorrow.

Then relationship is not bondage,
not conflict,
but a mirror
in which the whole of life
is seen.

Where the image ends,
love begins.

"Relationship is the mirror in which the self is revealed."

*****

The Timeless Dimension

"Time belongs to thought; freedom lies beyond its movement."

Human life is bound to time. We measure it in days and years, in memories of the past and projections of the future. Thought itself is time, for it is the movement of what has been carried over into what is, and extended into what shall be. This psychological time is the ground on which the self is built — I was, I am, I shall be.

But is there a dimension not touched by time? A state in which the past does not dictate the present, and the future is not imagined out of the past?

To inquire into this is not to deny chronological time — the clock, the calendar, the seasons. It is necessary to remember where one lives, to plan a journey, to learn a skill. But inwardly, time becomes a burden, a chain. We say: I will become better, I will find truth tomorrow, I will eventually be free. In this movement of postponement, the mind is trapped in endless continuity.

The timeless dimension is not a reward at the end of time. It is not reached through effort, discipline, or gradual progress. It opens only when time, as psychological becoming, ends.

See it simply: when you look at a flower without naming, without the past intervening, there is only seeing. That seeing is immediate, whole, and free of time. When sorrow is perceived without escape, without the hope of tomorrow, it ends in that very seeing. In such direct perception, the mind

is no longer moving from "what is" toward "what should be." It is still, attentive, timeless.

In that stillness there is no self, no measure, no continuity. What unfolds there is not of time. It is creation, but not of thought. It is sacred, but not of belief. It is love that has no yesterday or tomorrow.

This is the timeless dimension: the flowering of life in the eternal now, untouched by memory or expectation. It is not to be sought, but discovered in the ending of time's illusion.

When time as becoming ends, the timeless is — silent, whole, immeasurable.

***

Poetic

There is no yesterday
when the mind is still,
no tomorrow
when desire is silent.

Thought moves in time,
weaving past into future,
but life is only here,
in this unmeasured moment.

To see without the watcher,
to listen without the past,
is to touch the eternal—
not in promise,
not in becoming,
but in the simple flame of now.

Here, sorrow ends,
fear has no ground,
love is not bound to memory.

The timeless flowers
when time falls away,
and the present shines
as the whole of creation.

"The now is not of time; it is the door to the timeless."

*****

The known is the field of thought. It is memory, experience, belief, knowledge, tradition, the whole background that conditions our response to life. Every word we use, every image we hold, every judgment we make arises from this storehouse. Without it we could not speak, read, or function in daily life. In its proper place, the known is essential.

But inwardly, the known becomes a prison. We look at the world through the lens of our conditioning — the names, the labels, the prejudices, the conclusions we have inherited or cultivated. We approach relationship through memory: what was said, what was done, the hurts and pleasures that linger. We seek the future from the past, projecting continuity, fearing disruption. In all this movement there is no freshness, no discovery — only repetition.

Can the mind ever be free of the known? Not by suppressing memory, not by rejecting knowledge, but by seeing the limits of thought. When thought moves beyond its proper field — into love, into fear, into the search for truth — it brings distortion. Love is not memory. Truth is not tradition. Freedom is not continuity.

To be free of the known is to see directly, without the screen of memory. It is to look at a tree without the word “tree,” to listen to another without the shadow of yesterday, to meet sorrow without the hope of tomorrow. In such seeing, there is no observer and no past carried over. There is only the fact, clear and whole.

Freedom from the known is not a goal to be reached. It is not something to be achieved in the future. It is here, in the present, whenever the mind is aware without interference, when thought comes to its natural end in the realm where it has no place.

In that freedom there is a different dimension of life — a timeless now in which love, compassion, and creation unfold. This freedom is the beginning of truth.

“To discover the new, the mind must be free of the known.”

“The known can repeat; only freedom brings the new.”

***

Poetic

The mind clings to the known—
words, images,
wounds of yesterday,
dreams of tomorrow.

It looks through this dust
and believes it sees.

But love is not memory,

truth is not tradition,
and life cannot be carried
in the hands of thought.

When the screen of the past
falls away,
the heart is new,
the eye is clear.

To see without the shadow
is to touch the eternal.

The known is a cage,
freedom is the sky.

Step through the door
beyond memory—
and there is only now,
vast, whole,
untouched.

"Only when memory is silent does life reveal its newness."

*****

Awakening of Intelligence

"Intelligence awakens when the mind is free of illusion."

We often confuse intelligence with cleverness, with the capacity to argue, invent, or accumulate knowledge. But that which is born of memory, calculation, and cunning is not the flowering of intelligence — it is merely the extension of thought. Such a mind may be sharp, efficient, and quick, yet inwardly it remains bound, caught in the net of its own conditioning.

True intelligence awakens only when there is freedom. Freedom not from something, not as reaction, but freedom from illusion itself. Illusion arises when thought, which is fragmentary, claims to comprehend the whole. It arises when the mind clings to belief, to authority, to the security of ideas. In this state, the mind is not intelligent — it is clouded, narrow, divided.

To awaken intelligence, one must see the false as false. To see without distortion that comparison breeds envy, that ambition creates conflict, that attachment carries fear — this very perception is the ending of illusion. No method, no system, no gradual practice can bring it about. The very act of choiceless seeing is the awakening itself.

This intelligence is not personal. It does not belong to "me" or "you." It is not a possession that can be cultivated or stored. It is a flame that arises in awareness, in direct perception of truth. In that flame there is clarity, compassion, and a sense of sacredness that is not touched by thought.

The awakening of intelligence is therefore not the culmination of effort, but the ending of effort. When the self, with its endless desires and fears, comes to an end, intelligence flowers naturally — vast, unconditioned, and whole.

Where illusion ends, intelligence awakens — fresh, luminous, and free.

***

Poetic

Intelligence is not
the sharpness of thought,
nor the gathering of knowledge,
nor the cunning of ambition.

It is the seeing
of the false as false,
the true as true,
in the light of awareness.

When comparison ends,
envy withers.
When ambition ceases,
conflict dissolves.
When attachment is seen,
fear falls away.

In that ending,
a new flame is born—
not of memory,
not of time,

but of silence.

This flame has no owner,
no center,
no boundary.
It is compassion,
it is clarity,
it is the sacred
flowering of life.

"Intelligence is the light of seeing, not the shadow of thought."

*****

What do we mean by intelligence? In the world today, intelligence is often measured by the capacity to remember, to analyze, to invent, and to act efficiently. Machines can do this with astonishing speed. Computers calculate, robots perform surgeries, algorithms make decisions once thought to require human insight. This is a kind of intelligence — but it is mechanical.

Mechanical intelligence is born of memory. It is repetition refined, habit perfected, the extension of what has already been known. The human brain, shaped through centuries of experience, functions largely in this way. It stores knowledge, recalls patterns, reacts according to conditioning. This mechanism has its place. Without it, we could not speak a language, drive a car, or build a house.

But the danger lies in mistaking mechanical intelligence for true intelligence. When memory dominates our lives, when action springs from habit, from the known, then life becomes repetition. The mind moves in circles — seeking pleasure,

avoiding pain, clinging to belief, repeating patterns of fear and desire. This is the mechanical movement of thought.

Is there an intelligence beyond the mechanical? There is, but it does not belong to thought. It begins when the mind sees the limitation of memory and knowledge. To see that thought is always old, always conditioned, is itself the beginning of freedom. Out of that freedom arises an intelligence untouched by the past.

This intelligence is not stored, not programmed, not cumulative. It is alive, fluid, creative. It shines in choiceless awareness, in direct perception of what is. In such perception, there is no observer and observed, no division to distort. There is clarity, and in that clarity there is compassion.

Mechanical intelligence can organize society, cure diseases, and build machines, but it cannot bring peace, love, or freedom. These flower only when the mechanical movement of thought falls silent. Then there is an intelligence beyond measure — an intelligence that is the very essence of life, vast and sacred.

"Intelligence is not the accumulation of knowledge; it is the flame of perception that is free from the mechanical."

"When the mechanical ends, true intelligence flowers — fresh, creative, and whole."

***

Poetic

Memory repeats,

knowledge accumulates,
habit moves in circles—
this the mind calls intelligence.

It builds machines,
names the stars,
splits the atom,
and repeats the pattern of itself.

But in its cleverness
there is no freedom,
only the prison
of the known.

True intelligence flowers
when thought is silent,
when the past does not dictate
the present.

It is the light
that sees directly,
the clarity of a mind
without division.

In that flame
there is compassion,
there is creation,
there is life
beyond the mechanical.

"The mechanical can calculate, but only silence perceives."

*****

There are two intelligences in life. The first is the intelligence of thought, born of memory and experience. It is practical, functional, necessary. It enables us to speak, to build, to heal, to organize, to survive. Without it, there would be no technology, no medicine, no science, no society. It is the mechanical movement of knowledge carried into action.

But this intelligence, though useful, is limited. It is conditioned by the past, by culture, by fear, by ambition. It divides, compares, calculates, and repeats. It has built wars as well as machines, prisons as well as medicines. It is clever, but not free. It belongs to time and can never touch the eternal.

The second intelligence is of a different order. It does not come from memory, nor from effort, nor from accumulation. It is born when thought falls silent in its proper place, when the self with its desires and fears no longer dictates. This intelligence is whole, compassionate, timeless. It acts without motive, without division. It is not personal, not "mine" or "yours." It is the flame of awareness itself.

When this second intelligence is present, the first has its rightful place. Then knowledge and skill are used with clarity and compassion, not for destruction or domination. But when the first intelligence tries to dominate life, denying the second, it brings conflict, sorrow, and confusion.

The awakening of true intelligence is not the sharpening of thought, but the ending of its tyranny. Then the two intelligences move together in harmony — memory serving where it must, and awareness illuminating where thought cannot go.

This harmony is the flowering of life: the practical woven with the sacred, the functional held in the light of the immeasurable.

"One intelligence is of memory and skill; the other is of silence and compassion."

"When the two intelligences move together, life is both practical and sacred, rooted in clarity and flowering in compassion."

***

Poetic

One flame is of thought—
born of memory,
sharp with skill,
building and breaking,
clever but bound.

The other flame
is not of time.
It flowers in silence,
it moves in compassion,
it shines without shadow.

When thought rules alone,
life is fragmented,
driven by fear,
darkened by sorrow.

When the silent flame awakens,
the first finds its place—
skill serving clarity,

knowledge guided by love.

Two flames,
not opposed,
but whole in harmony.

In their meeting,
life is both simple
and sacred.

"Knowledge is useful, but only awareness brings compassion."

*****

The Sacred Flowering of Life

"When the self ends, there is creation, vast and sacred."

From the beginning of time, man has searched for meaning. He has turned to gods and rituals, to philosophies and sciences, to the promises of the future. Yet all these searches are movements of thought, and thought, being limited, cannot touch the immeasurable.

The sacred cannot be approached by effort, nor by belief, nor by discipline. It is not found in temples or scriptures, in authority or tradition. It flowers only when the mind is utterly still, when the self with its endless becoming comes to an end.

In that stillness, life is not divided. The observer is not separate from the observed. Love is not bound by memory. Compassion is not cultivated by will. There is wholeness without center, silence without effort.

This flowering is not personal. It is not my experience or your attainment. It is not to be named or possessed. It is there when the illusions of self and time fall away. It is the fragrance of the timeless, the essence of creation itself.

To come upon this is not the reward of a long journey. It is here, now, in the ending of the known. The sacred flowers only in freedom, and freedom is in the seeing of truth — seeing directly, without distortion, without the movement of thought.

This is the flowering of life: simple, vast, immeasurable. In it there is joy without cause, love without object, beauty without shadow. And in that flowering, there is peace.

The sacred is not to be sought; it blossoms when the seeker is not.

***

Poetic

No path leads to it,
no prayer summons it,
no discipline binds it.

The sacred flowers
only when the self is not.

Thought may seek,
desire may strive,
but what they touch
is their own shadow.

When ambition falls silent,
when fear has no ground,
when time is no longer
the measure of becoming—

then there is stillness,
pure, uncaused,
a vastness without center.

In that stillness
life blossoms as love,

as compassion,
as beauty without name.

Where the self ends,
the sacred is.

*****

Man has sought the sacred through ritual, through worship, through the repetition of prayers, through devotion to symbols and images. Every religion, every tradition, has offered its path, its authority, its promise of the holy. But what we call sacred is often only the projection of thought, shaped by fear and hope, clothed in tradition, guarded by belief.

Is that truly sacred? Can the immeasurable be captured by thought? Can the eternal be confined to an image, however beautiful, or to a word, however ancient?

Sacredness is not created by the mind. It cannot be invoked by ritual, nor approached by discipline. It reveals itself only when the self is not, when thought falls silent in its proper place. It is present when the mind is free of its endless seeking, its desire for comfort, its fear of nothingness.

When there is silence — not cultivated, not forced, but natural — there is a quality of presence that is beyond measure. In that silence, the trees, the sky, the movement of water, the face of another — all carry a depth that words cannot touch. It is not separate from life; it is life itself seen without the veil of the self.

Sacredness is wholeness. It is compassion that flows without motive. It is beauty that is not created by man's hand but shines in the very fabric of existence. It is love that has no opposite.

To come upon this sacredness is not to search for it, but to end the search. It flowers when the seeker is not. It is in the stillness of choiceless awareness, in the freedom from the known, that sacredness reveals itself — vast, immeasurable, timeless.

"The sacred is not in temples or in words, but in the silence of a mind that is whole."

"The sacred cannot be sought; it is present when the self is absent."

***

Poetic

The sacred is not
in stone or in scripture,
not in chants,
nor in the echo of prayer.

It is not born of belief,
nor shaped by fear,
nor promised by time.

When the self is silent,
when thought no longer weaves
its net of becoming,
there is a stillness.

In that stillness
the leaf glows with eternity,
the river speaks with beauty,
the heart flowers in compassion.

The sacred is not sought,
it is.
It blooms
when the seeker ends,
when the mind is whole,
when love is without shadow.

"The sacred flowers when the seeker is not."

*****

The Wholeness

"When the observer is not, life is whole."

Human life as we live it is fragmented. We divide ourselves into nations, religions, classes, beliefs. We divide the day into work and leisure, the mind into conscious and unconscious, life into the sacred and the profane. This fragmentation is the work of thought, which separates, compares, and measures. Out of this division arises conflict, sorrow, and the endless struggle to become something other than what we are.

But life itself is not fragmented. The river flows into the sea, the tree grows from the soil, the stars move with the earth, and the breath in our lungs is part of the air shared by all. Wholeness is the fact of existence. It is only thought, with its need for security and definition, that divides.

To come upon wholeness is not to construct an idea of unity. It is not to imagine oneness as an ideal. It is to see directly that the observer and the observed are not two, that the thinker is not separate from thought, that the "me" is not divided from the rest of life. When the observer is absent, perception is whole.

In wholeness there is no conflict, because there is no division. There is no fear, because there is no self to protect. There is no sorrow, because there is no continuity of the past carried over into the present. What remains is clarity, silence, and love that is not bound by object or desire.

This wholeness is not something to be achieved. It cannot be cultivated through discipline or practice. It is here, now, revealed in the ending of division. When the mind sees the

false as false — the separateness, the self, the endless becoming — then there is an ending. In that ending, wholeness shines, effortless, timeless.

To live in wholeness is the true flowering of life. It is not the promise of tomorrow, but the simple fact of the present when thought is silent. In that wholeness there is beauty beyond measure, compassion without motive, and a sense of the sacred that pervades all existence.

Wholeness is not to be sought; it is revealed when division ends.

***

Poetic

Thought divides—
me and you,
sacred and profane,
yesterday and tomorrow.

In division
fear takes root,
conflict grows,
sorrow repeats.

But life is not divided.
The tree and the river,
the star and the breath,
move in one rhythm,
a single vastness.

When the observer is silent,

the seen is whole.
When the self is absent,
love flowers without boundary.

Wholeness is not an idea,
not a dream to be pursued.
It is here—
in the ending of division,
in the stillness of seeing.

Undivided,
life shines as the sacred,
measureless,
complete.

"In the ending of division, the whole is."

*****

One says: "Life beyond the self is utopia. It is a dream, an escape, a beautiful fantasy that cannot be lived."

But see what is taking place. It is still the voice of the "me" that speaks. Unable to face its own ending, unable to see itself as illusion, the self invents an excuse. It says: "Without me, life cannot survive. Without me, existence would collapse."

Thought has conditioned the mind over billions of years to believe in the centrality of the self. From the primitive instinct of preservation, from fear and desire, from memory and time, this "me" has been built and reinforced. And now it declares itself indispensable, calling any life beyond it utopian, impossible, unreal.

But is that so? The body survives not because of the “me,” but because of food, air, water, care. The organism belongs to life, to the earth. It is the psychological “me” — the imagined center created by thought — that has no reality outside its own projections.

The “me” is afraid to end, so it ridicules what lies beyond it. It calls wholeness a dream, compassion a utopia, love without self an impossibility. But these are not dreams. They are the actual when the “me” is not.

The truth is simple: as long as the “me” dominates, life is conflict, division, sorrow. When the “me” ends, life flowers into something entirely different — not utopia, not fantasy, but a wholeness that is sacred, without division, beyond time.

The “me” cannot imagine its own absence, so it calls wholeness a utopia. But when the “me” ends, one discovers that wholeness is the only reality.

***

Poetic

The “me” whispers:
Beyond me is a dream,
a utopia,
a fantasy to escape
the weight of existence.

It clings,
afraid to vanish,
and so, it mocks
what it cannot imagine.

For billions of years
it has been conditioned:
Without me,
you cannot survive.

But survival
belongs to the body—
to bread,
to water,
to the breath of the earth.
Not to the shadow
called “me.”

It is the “me”
that breeds division,
fear,
and sorrow,
yet it claims
to be life itself.

But when it ends,
life is not less,
but more—
vast, whole,
compassionate,
sacred.

Not utopia,
not dream,
but the only reality
when the “me”
is not.

"The self calls wholeness a dream, yet wholeness is the fact when the self ends."

*****

Neuroscience tells us that the human brain is not a fixed machine; it is a living, plastic network of billions of neurons. These neurons constantly change their connections through experience, memory, stress, and learning. This adaptability is known as neuroplasticity. It means that how we live, what we think, and the quality of our awareness continuously shape the brain itself.

When the brain is restless — filled with conflict, worry, or endless comparison — a particular network, called the default mode network (DMN), dominates. The DMN is linked with self-referential thinking, rumination, and projection into the past and future. Studies show that overactivity of this network is associated with anxiety, depression, and a sense of fragmentation.

In contrast, when attention is steady and choiceless — not forcing concentration, but resting in simple awareness — the brain shifts. Activity in the DMN decreases, while regions associated with clarity, empathy, and sensory presence become more integrated. Stress hormones decline, heart rhythms stabilize, and the whole organism functions with greater coherence.

Neuroscientists call this synchrony: separate regions of the brain begin to operate in harmony. Instead of fragmented patterns of thought competing for dominance, the brain moves as one coordinated field. This is not only measurable in brain scans; it is also felt subjectively as stillness, spaciousness, and freedom.

But this stillness is not dullness. It is a state of heightened awareness — alert, alive, deeply sensitive. It is not achieved by force, discipline, or repetition. In fact, methods often strengthen the very activity of the self that sustains restlessness. Stillness arises naturally when the movement of thought is observed as it is, without judgment or resistance.

Here, science and insight meet. Neuroscience describes the patterns and processes; meditation sees directly the fact of restlessness and its ending. Both point to the same truth: when the brain is quiet, not fragmented by the noise of the self, it functions in wholeness.

In this stillness, compassion is not a cultivated virtue but the natural fragrance of a whole mind. Creativity is not the rearrangement of old patterns but the birth of the new. Love is not memory or attachment but the movement of wholeness itself.

"Neuroscience observes the harmony of the brain in stillness; awareness lives the wholeness of life in silence."

"When the brain is quiet, without conflict, its energy flowers into wholeness."

***

Poetic

Billions of cells
whisper together,
sparks weaving
the tapestry of thought.

Restless,
they scatter—
self and sorrow,
past and future,
a maze of fragments.

But in stillness,
the storm subsides.
Networks once divided
breathe as one.
The heart steadies,
the body heals,
the mind is whole.

This silence is not sleep—
it is wakefulness
without burden.
It is the brain
in harmony,
life in wholeness.

"When the brain is quiet, the whole of life is clear."

*****

Man says: "You cannot go beyond the self. Only God can take you beyond, so pray to God."
Look closely: who says this? It is still the "me" speaking—protecting itself by postponing its ending and placing freedom in the hands of an authority.

1) Is God a fact or a projection?

If "God" is a word, an image, a belief created by thought, then prayer to that image is the self talking to itself. Thought

invents a saviour, then depends on what it invented. That dependence strengthens the "me." If there is the sacred, it cannot be reached by thought, time, or authority. It flowers only when the self is not.

2) Does prayer end the self?

Prayer or devotion may temporarily quiet the mind. But if the root is fear, desire, or the hope to become, the quiet is still within the movement of the "me." A silence produced by effort is not freedom; it is the self-made subtle.

3) The central illusion: the thinker and the thought

The "me" divides itself as thinker (who will reach God) and thought (that must be controlled). Krishnamurti points out: the thinker is thought; the observer is the observed. As long as this division operates, the self continues under new names—devotee, seeker, follower.

4) What does it mean to "go beyond the self"?

It is not a journey in time, not a reward after effort, not a state granted by another. It is the ending of psychological time—the whole movement of becoming ("I will be… I must become… I shall reach…").
When there is choiceless awareness of this movement as it arises—ambition, envy, hurt, the urge to succeed or be saved—seeing is the ending. Not tomorrow; now.

5) "So, what am I to do?"

There is no method—method is time, and time is the self. But there can be watching:

- Watch the self in relationship—how it seeks approval, resists criticism, compares, and condemns—without justification or judgment.

- Notice the very impulse to become (even spiritually) as it moves.
- Stay with the fact as it is, not with the ideal.

This lucid attention is not effort; it is a flame. In that flame, the "me" withers because it is seen.

6) What remains when the "me" ends?

Not emptiness in the fearful sense, but wholeness—a silence not manufactured, an intelligence not born of thought, love without object, compassion that does not belong to "mine" or "yours." If one wishes, one may call that the sacred—but the word is irrelevant. The essence is that it is there when the self is not.

To say "Only God can take me beyond" is the self postponing its own ending. The beyond is not reached—it is revealed when the seeker is silent. Seeing the movement of the "me," without escape or authority, is the beginning of freedom.

"No one can lead you to truth; it is there when the seeker ends."

***

Can Prayer Take One Beyond the Self?

Question: "Surely one cannot go beyond the self alone. Only God can take you beyond it. So, isn't it necessary to pray to God to be free from the 'me'?"

Answer: "Who is saying this? It is still the 'me' speaking. The self, unable to end, invents a higher authority and gives it the task of dissolving itself. It says, 'I cannot end, but perhaps God will end me.' Do you see the trick? The 'me' survives under a new disguise."

Question: “Then are you denying God? Are you saying there is nothing sacred?”

Answer: “No, I am not denying the sacred. But the sacred is not found through the projection of thought. Thought creates the image of God, then bows to what it has made. That is still within the field of illusion. The sacred is beyond thought; it comes into being only when the ‘me’ is not.”

Question: “But prayer sometimes brings quietness. Doesn’t that help one to go beyond?”

Answer: “It may bring quietness, but that quietness is born of repetition, of desire, of hope. It is still the movement of the ‘me.’ Silence that is manufactured is not freedom; it is still within the prison walls. The true stillness comes when thought sees its own limitation and falls silent naturally.”

Question: “So if neither God nor prayer can take me beyond, what must I do?”

Answer: “There is no method. Methods belong to time, and time is the self. What matters is to see directly, in daily life, the whole movement of the ‘me’ — its fears, its ambitions, its comparisons, its demand for continuity. To observe this without judgment, without escape, is already the beginning of the ending.

When the ‘me’ ends, what remains is not emptiness, but wholeness. Love without object, compassion without division, intelligence without center. That is the sacred — not given by another, not attained through prayer, but present when illusion has ended.”

To say “Only God can take me beyond” is the self postponing its own ending. Freedom lies not in authority or

prayer, but in seeing the 'me' as illusion. In that seeing, the beyond is.

***

Poetic

The "me,"
unable to end,
whispers:
God will free me.
Pray, surrender,
and He will dissolve my chains.

But see—
it is thought
praying to its own shadow,
the self
bowing before
its own invention.

Silence made by effort
is not freedom,
peace born of repetition
is not truth.

When illusion is seen
as illusion,
it ends—
without prayer,
without authority.

And in that ending
is the sacred:
love without object,
compassion without boundary,

stillness not of time.

"The self that prays to escape itself only prolongs illusion."

*****

The Wholeness is a pathless land — it cannot be followed, only seen freshly. The master may point, but the seeing is yours alone.

When we say truth is a pathless land, it means there is no fixed road, no map, no guide that can lead all people to truth. Each path, whether religious, philosophical, or ideological, claims to show the way. But the very moment you say "this is the way," you have already limited truth, which is limitless.

Take a simple example: love. Can there be a path to love? If someone gives you steps — first meditate, then repeat a mantra, then perform a ritual — will that lead you to love? Following such a path may give you discipline or order, but not love itself. Love arises only when the heart is free, open, unburdened.

Truth is like that. You cannot approach it by following another's footsteps, because footsteps only take you where someone else has gone. Truth is not in the past, not in tradition, not in the authority of a teacher. It is discovered in freedom, as fresh as the morning light.

That is why Krishnamurti said: truth is a pathless land. It cannot be organized into religion, codified into a system, or contained in a book. The mind must walk without a path — only then can it come upon the living reality of truth.

*****

On Love and Compassion

"Where the self is, love is not; when the self ends, love and compassion flower."

What we usually call love is often entangled with desire, pleasure, fear, and dependence. We say, I love you, but within that love is the shadow of possession, the demand for continuity, the fear of loss. In such a state, what we call love is merely attachment — and where there is attachment, there is conflict and sorrow.

Love is not memory. It is not bound to yesterday's pleasure or tomorrow's hope. Love is not desire, for desire seeks fulfilment, while love has no motive. Love is not fear, for fear closes the heart, while love opens it.

Compassion is not pity. Pity looks down from a height, while compassion flows from wholeness. Compassion is not cultivated through will or discipline. It is born when sorrow is understood. To see suffering without escape, to look into it without resistance, brings about a tenderness that is not of the self. That tenderness is compassion.

Love and compassion are inseparable. One cannot exist without the other. Together they are the fragrance of a mind that is silent, of a heart that is free. They are not personal possessions — they do not belong to "me" or "you." They arise when the self, with its divisions and demands, is absent.

In their presence, relationship is without conflict. Action is without cruelty. Life is whole and sacred. Without love and compassion, all knowledge, all intelligence, all progress are

empty. With them, even the smallest act carries beauty, and the simplest life shines with meaning.

"Love and compassion are not to be sought; they are when the self is not."

***

Poetic

What we call love
is often desire,
wrapped in fear,
bound by memory.

But love is not
attachment's chain,
nor the hunger of becoming.

Love has no past,
no tomorrow—
it flowers only
in the silence of now.

Compassion is not pity,
not condescension.
It is the tenderness
that arises
when sorrow is seen wholly,
without escape.

Where love is,
compassion is.
They move together,

like fragrance and flower,
like light and flame.

They are not “mine,”
not “yours.”
They belong to no self.

Where the self ends,
love begins.
Where division ends,
compassion flows.

And in that flowering
life is sacred.

“Love is when there is no ‘me’; compassion is its fragrance.”

*****

To understand death is not to wait for the body to perish, nor to cling to belief in some afterlife. To understand death is to see the nature of ending while one is living. For most of us, death is terrifying because we cling to the known — our memories, our experiences, our possessions, our relationships, the images we hold of ourselves. The known is the past, and the mind clings to it for security.

But in clinging to the known, the mind breeds fear. Death then appears as an enemy, a darkness into which we are unwilling to step. Yet when there is freedom from the known, when the mind is not burdened with accumulation, not gathering hurts and pleasures, then dying is not something in the distant future. Dying is a movement of life itself, moment to moment.

To die each day to the past — to end the attachment, the sorrow, the conclusions — is to have a mind that is always fresh, always young, always innocent. Such a mind knows no fear, because it does not project tomorrow from the ashes of yesterday.

In that innocence, there is love. Love is not memory, not desire, not possession. Love is born when the mind dies to itself each instant, and in that dying there is a renewal, a flowering of the timeless.

Then death is not opposed to life. Life and death are one movement, like the river that is at once the source and the sea. To live with this understanding is to live without fear, to live wholly, to live in the beauty of the eternal present.

***

Poetic

To know death
is not to wait for the body's end,
but to end the past
as it arises each moment.

The known —
memories, wounds, pleasures,
the image of "me" —
is the burden that breeds fear.

When the mind is free of the known,
death is not an enemy.
It is renewal,
a freshness without yesterday.

To die each day
to sorrow, to attachment,

to the gathering of experience,
is to be innocent.
And the innocent mind
is forever young,
forever aflame with love.

Life and death are not two.
They are one river,
flowing without beginning, without end.

In that movement without fear
lies beauty —
the beauty of dying and living
as one.

*****

Creation

"Creation is not continuity; it is the new that is born when time ends."

We often mistake invention, imagination, or artistic expression for creation. The painter adds to his canvas, the scientist discovers a new formula, the writer shapes a poem — and we call it creativity. But all this is largely the movement of the known. It is the reshaping of memory, the rearrangement of thought. Beautiful, necessary, but not creation.

Creation, in the deeper sense, is not born of time or memory. It is not the continuation of the old in modified form. It is not the expression of ambition, nor the pursuit of recognition. True creation is the new — something that thought cannot touch.

When the mind is burdened by the self, by desire, by the endless demand for becoming, it cannot create. It can only project, imitate, repeat. But when thought comes to its natural end in the field where it does not belong, the mind is silent. In that silence there is a different movement — vast, unconditioned, without origin. That movement is creation.

Creation is not "mine" or "yours." It has no owner, no author. It arises when the observer is not. In that state, a poem may come, a word may be spoken, a gesture of compassion may flower — but these are only expressions. The essence of creation is not in the expression but in the state of mind that is whole, timeless, sacred.

Creation is life itself unfolding when not distorted by the self. The song of a bird at dawn, the birth of a child, the silence of a mind that perceives without division — all these are not separate from creation. They are glimpses of that immeasurable movement which has no beginning and no end.

To live in creation is not to pursue achievement, but to live without the burden of time. It is to live wholly, simply, in the eternal present. Then every act, however small, carries the fragrance of the sacred.

Creation is the timeless flowering of life, revealed when the self is not.

***

Poetic

Creation is not
the brush on the canvas,
the word on the page,
the song rehearsed by memory.

It is not the echo of the past
painted in new colours,
nor the dream of tomorrow
woven from yesterday.

Creation is the flame
that burns when thought is still,
the breath of life
untouched by becoming.

It flowers
when the self is absent,
when ambition falls silent,
when time has no hold.

Then the bird's cry at dawn,
the smile of a child,
the quiet of the sky at dusk
are not separate—
they are the unending new.

Creation is not mine,
not yours.
It is the movement of life itself,
whole, timeless, sacred.

"Creation is the new that thought can never touch."

*****

The God, the Unknowable, the Immeasurable

"That which is sacred cannot be approached by thought, nor captured by feeling; it is beyond measure."

Man has always sought God. In temples, in rituals, in scriptures, in meditation, he has searched for the eternal. Yet what he finds is usually a projection of his own mind — an image born of fear, of longing, of the hope for continuity. Such a God is not God; it is thought clothed in divinity.

The true cannot be known. The eternal cannot be measured. The immeasurable is not a thing to be held by belief, nor to be felt through emotion. Love and compassion are sacred, but even they are not the whole. There is that which is beyond even love, beyond even compassion — a vastness that cannot be contained by any word, any experience, any symbol.

To come upon this unknowable is not to search for it. Any search is already born of the known, of memory and desire. The immeasurable is revealed only when the search ends, when the mind is utterly still, when the self with its endless striving falls away.

In that silence there is no path, no seeker, no measure. There is only the unnameable presence — immense, whole, beyond all duality. To call it God, or truth, or the absolute is already to limit it. Yet it is. It pervades all existence, but is not contained by existence. It is beyond life and death, beyond thought and feeling, beyond time itself.

This is not a matter of belief, but of direct perception — a perception that arises when illusion has ended. Love and compassion are the fragrance of this presence, but the source itself is infinitely greater. The unknowable is the ground from which all beauty, all truth, all creation flows.

To live in awareness of this vastness is to live in humility, in silence, in reverence for life. Not the reverence of worship or ritual, but the reverence that comes when the self is absent, when the mind does not grasp, when the heart is open without seeking.

The unknowable is not far away. It is here, now, when the known is not. In its presence, there is wholeness, and in wholeness there is sacredness beyond measure.

The unknowable cannot be sought; it reveals itself when the seeker is silent.

***

Poetic

No word can hold it,
no temple contain it,
no prayer summon it.

Love is its fragrance,
compassion its touch,
but the source is vaster still—
beyond even love,
beyond even compassion.

The mind may seek,
but what it seeks

is its own shadow.
The heart may long,
but longing cannot open
the door to the eternal.

When search ends,
when the seeker falls silent,
when thought is still—
then the immeasurable is.

It is not known,
it is not felt,
it simply is:
untouched, unbound,
the ground of all creation.

To live in its presence
is to live in humility,
in silence,
in wholeness without measure.

"The unknowable is not found by seeking; it shines when the seeker is not."

*****

Is There Security for Life?

"The mind seeks security, but in that search, it creates its own bondage."

From childhood we are conditioned to search for security. We seek it in family, in property, in wealth, in relationship, in knowledge, in belief. We build systems of society and structures of thought, all to assure ourselves that life can be made safe, permanent, protected.

But is there such security?

What is called security is always fragile. Wealth may vanish, relationships may break, beliefs may crumble, health may fail, nations may collapse. Everything built by time is impermanent, subject to change, decay, and death. Yet the mind clings to these impermanent things, hoping to find in them what cannot be lost.

This very search is the root of fear. Where there is attachment, there is the shadow of loss. Where there is dependence, there is the seed of sorrow. In the name of security, the mind lives in insecurity.

Is there, then, no security at all? There is none in the things of thought. There is no permanent resting place in the world of time. But when this fact is seen, not merely as an idea but as a truth, the search itself comes to an end.

And when the search ends, the mind is free. In that freedom there is no fear, no dependence, no clinging. Life is then lived without the demand for security. And in that very freedom there is a strange stability — not the stability of possession

or belief, but the stability of wholeness, of a mind not divided.

This is the only true security: the security of no seeking, the security of freedom. It is not given by another, nor created by thought. It is present when the self, with all its cravings, comes to an end.

In that ending, life itself is the security — vast, immeasurable, beyond loss and gain.

"There is no security in time; freedom itself is the only security."

***

Poetic

We seek shelter
in wealth, in name,
in the arms of another,
in the comfort of belief.

But what is built
by thought and time
is fragile—
it crumbles with change,
it dissolves in death.

The more we cling,
the more fear grows;
the more we depend,
the more sorrow waits.

Security in time
is illusion.
The mind, seeing this,
stops its endless search.

In that ending
there is freedom.
And in freedom,
life itself is whole,
steady without anchors,
secure without walls.

The only true security
is in being nothing,
and in that nothing
lies the vastness of all.

"To seek security in time is to live in fear; freedom alone is unshakable."

*****

Why Man is Afraid of Death

"Fear of death is the fear of ending — the ending of the self, the known."

From the earliest times, man has feared death. Every culture has built explanations, beliefs, rituals, and hopes to soften its mystery. Religions promise continuity, philosophies offer meaning, science searches for extension of life. Yet beneath all explanations, the fact remains: man trembles before death.

Why?

We fear death because we are attached to life as we know it — to possessions, relationships, achievements, memories. The "me," the self built from thought and experience, clings to continuity. Death threatens to end this continuity, to strip away the images and structures in which we have sought security.

We also fear the unknown. Death is that which cannot be experienced while living, cannot be rehearsed or measured. The mind, which depends on knowledge, recoils from what it cannot grasp. It invents beliefs in afterlife or reincarnation to escape the terror of the unknowable. But belief is still within the field of thought, and thought cannot touch death.

Is there another way of approaching death? Not through avoidance, nor belief, nor hope, but through direct observation. To see what death actually is: the ending of continuity. Each day there is an ending — of a thought, of a feeling, of an experience. If one can die to each moment as it passes — die to memory, to attachment, to hurt, to pleasure

— then death is not something waiting at the end of life, but part of living itself.

In this way, death and life are not opposed. To live fully is to die each day to the past, so that the mind is fresh, innocent, alive. Then death is no longer an enemy, but the constant renewal of life.

Fear ends when the self ends, for it is the self that clings to continuity. Where the self is not, death is not a terror but a mystery — not to be solved, but to be lived. In that mystery there is no division between life and death, but one movement, timeless and whole.

"To die each day to the known is to live without fear; in such dying there is renewal, wholeness, and the sacred."

***

Poetic

Man fears death
because he clings
to what he calls life—
his name, his house,
his memories,
his little certainties.

The mind trembles
before the unknown
and weaves beliefs
to cover its fear.

But death is not far away.
It is here,
in the ending of each moment,
in the falling away of yesterday,
in the quiet close
of every thought.

To die each day
to hurt and to pleasure,
to memory and to becoming,
is to live freshly,
without shadow.

Then death is no enemy,
but the opening of a door,
the cleansing of the heart,
the renewal of life.

Where the self is not,
fear is not.
And in that ending
is the beauty of dying,
the timeless flowering
of life itself.

"To live is to die to the past; in that dying is the freshness of life."

*****

Why is there fear at the thought of the ending of the physical organism? Because we have identified ourselves with this body, with its memories, its pleasures, its struggles, its

continuity. We call that bundle of sensations and memories "me." When the body ages or nears death, we feel as though we are coming to an end.

But is that so?

In reality, the body is part of an immense process — born of earth, nourished by earth, returning to earth. It is the expression of a movement without beginning and without end. When the organism ends, life does not end. Only this particular pattern of sensations, memories, and experiences dissolves back into the whole.

The river that flowed through you continues as rain, as sea, as mist. The flame of life is not yours or mine; it is life itself. What ceases is the illusion that "I" am separate, enduring.

The fear of death arises from clinging to this illusion of separateness — from the belief that my life must continue. But if one sees deeply that there is no separate "me" apart from the whole, then death is not an ending but a transformation within an endless movement.

This is not a belief or comfort to be adopted; it must be seen directly. In that seeing, fear ends naturally, as darkness ends when a lamp is lit.

"Life continues endlessly, but not "your" life. Only the whole is timeless; the self is a shadow sustained by thought."

***

Poetic

You fear the silence
when the body falls,
the closing of eyes,
the stillness of breath.

But the body
is earth's own—
born of dust,
nourished by rain,
returning to the whole.

It is not your life
that continues,
but life itself—
unceasing,
boundless,
without name.

The river flows on
though one wave
sinks back.
The flame is never yours;
it burns where fuel is given.

Fear ends
when the "me"
is seen as illusion.
Then death is not loss,
but the movement of life
without beginning,
without end.

"It is not your life that endures, but life itself—endless, whole, sacred."

*****

We ask, again and again: What is death?
Is it an end, a loss, a dark unknown? Or is it something we have never truly looked at, because fear has already closed the door?

The fear of death is, at its root, the fear of losing the known. The known is the continuity of memory—my name, my family, my possessions, my experiences, my little successes, my unhealed wounds. It is the world that thought has built around me and within me. And thought, being the product of time, clings to this continuity, for without it thought feels naked, vulnerable, nothing.

So, the mind says: I am afraid of death. But look carefully: what it fears is not death itself, but the loss of its images, the ending of what it has gathered as "me."

Death then is not frightening in itself; what is frightening is the ending of illusion. The "I," the self that says, I must live, I must continue, is nothing but the movement of thought. And thought, however clever, is always limited, fragmented. That which is limited is bound to perish.

The self is an illusion, and the clinging to illusion is meaningless. Yet we hold it as though it were sacred. We worship continuity, permanence, and so we shrink from death.

But can we look at death without the screen of fear? To look at death not tomorrow, not at the last breath, but now—while the heart beats strongly, while the mind is clear. To see what it means for something to end completely.

When you see the withering of a leaf, the fading of a flower, the stillness of an evening when the bird has flown to its nest—there is a beauty in that ending. Why then is death, which is also an ending, made ugly by fear?

If you die to the known each day—die to yesterday's hurts, to yesterday's pleasures, to every image you hold of yourself and others—then death is not something in the distant future. It is part of living. Living and dying are one movement, not two separate events.

In that dying to the past, there is freshness. There is a life that is new, unburdened, innocent. The ending of illusion is the beginning of truth.

So, death is not the enemy of life. Death is the ending of the false, so that the true may flower. To live with death in this way is to live without fear—because what can fear grasp when there is no self to protect?

***

Poetic

Death is not tomorrow,
it is here—
in the falling of a leaf,
in the silence after song.

We fear not death,
but the loss of the known,
the breaking of memory's chain,
the end of the image called me.

But see—
the known is illusion,
and illusion has no meaning.
Why cling to shadows
as though they were light?

To die each day
to yesterday's sorrow,
to yesterday's joy,
is to meet life anew.

Then death is no stranger,
but a companion of living—
the flame that clears the old,
so, the new may flower
in the vastness of the unknown.

*****

Death is not fearful at all when one lives with freedom from the known.

What we fear is not death itself, but the ending of what we have gathered—our memories, our attachments, our images of ourselves. Thought clings to this continuity and calls it life. But when the mind sees the limitation of this movement, when it does not carry over yesterday into today, then each moment is a fresh beginning.

In such living, death has already been met. You die to yesterday's pain, to yesterday's pleasure, to every image and every conclusion. This dying is not despair—it is renewal.

To live with freedom from the known is to live without the burden of time. And then death is no longer an event waiting in the distance, but part of the very flow of living.

It comes quietly, naturally, as the falling of a leaf, without resistance, without sorrow.

When there is no clinging to the known, death is not the enemy of life. It is the flowering of life itself—vast, open, and free.

*****

The body itself is in constant renewal. Each moment it sheds the old—dead cells fall away—and the new arises to take their place. In this very rhythm of the body we see the order of life: ending and beginning, death and birth, not as two separate events, but as one continuous movement.

Life is sacred because it is this endless renewal. It does not belong to you or to me; it is not a possession to be held or defended. It is the vast movement of wholeness, ever fresh, ever flowering.

Why then do we fear death? The body is already teaching us that dying is not destruction but renewal. The fear of death is not in the fact of dying—it is born of thought. Thought clings to the known: my name, my family, my memories, my little ambitions. It says, I must continue, and in that demand continuity becomes the prison of fear.

But look closely: the "I" that longs to continue is itself an illusion. It is only memory; a bundle of past experiences

projected into the future. The ending of that illusion is not the ending of life; it is the ending of fear.

To die while living—to end the burden of yesterday, the weight of sorrow, the pride of success—is to live in renewal. Then each day is new, each relationship fresh, each moment untouched by the shadow of time.

Dying and renewing is the very nature of wholeness. When you see this directly, not as an idea but as a fact, the fear of death dissolves completely. There is only life, immeasurable and sacred, moving without beginning or end.

*****

Holistic Living

"When the fragments end, life flowers as a whole."

We live in contradiction. One part of us seeks peace while another part fuels conflict; one part desires freedom while another clings to tradition; one part pursues love while another holds on to fear. Out of this division arises confusion, conflict, and sorrow.

Holistic living is not the balancing of these parts, nor the clever adjustment of fragments into a pattern. Balance still implies separation. Harmony still implies opposing notes. The whole is not the sum of its fragments; the whole is that which exists when fragmentation ends.

Thought, by its very nature, divides. It separates the thinker from thought, the observer from the observed, the inner from the outer. In daily life this creates the illusion that work is separate from meditation, that relationship is apart from love, that survival is apart from compassion. And so, life becomes broken, shallow, and weary.

To live holistically is to see the falseness of division. It is to see that the observer is the observed, that the thinker is thought, that the "me" is not separate from the world it resists or desires. When this is seen directly, without choice, fragmentation dissolves naturally. What remains is a sense of wholeness in which living, acting, relating, and meditating are not different movements, but one.

In this wholeness, love is not apart from daily action. Compassion is not cultivated but flows naturally in relationship. Meditation is not a practice removed from life,

but the silent awareness present in every moment. Beauty is not sought in temples or philosophies, but shines in the ordinary, when the mind is quiet and the heart is free.

Holistic living is freedom from contradiction. It is the flowering of simplicity, of clarity, of love. It is to live without fragmentation, without struggle between parts, in a movement of life that is whole, sacred, and timeless.

"To live holistically is to live without division; in that wholeness, life is sacred."

*****

Is it necessary to have religion to live holistically?

Organized religion has promised man salvation, comfort, and guidance. It offers beliefs, rituals, and authority as a path to wholeness. But can wholeness be given by another? Can truth be found through repetition of words, through rituals handed down, through obedience to authority?

Religion, as it is commonly practiced, divides man: one faith against another, one belief against another. In that division there is no holiness, no wholeness. To live holistically is not to accept a system or follow a tradition. It is to see directly the false as false, to perceive without distortion. Holistic living flowers in choiceless awareness — in seeing the whole movement of thought, desire, and fear. This needs no priest, no book, no temple. It needs only clarity.

Is it that life must merge into God after death to avoid sorrow?

Man, weary of conflict and suffering, imagines an escape beyond death. Thought invents the idea of merging with God, of being absorbed into the eternal, as consolation. But can truth be found in imagination? The idea of "merging" is born of fear, of the wish for continuity beyond the ending of the body.

Life is not to be escaped from, but understood. Sorrow does not end by projecting a future union with God. Sorrow ends when the self — the "me" created by thought — comes to an end. In that ending, in that silence, there is no need to merge with anything, for there is no separation. The sacred is here, now, not in some imagined future after death.

Why is man not able to live in truth even after evolving so far?

Man has evolved in knowledge, in technology, in outer skills. He has harnessed matter, travelled to the stars, and built immense civilizations. Yet inwardly, he remains where he began: caught in fear, desire, jealousy, conflict. Why? Because he has given immense value to knowledge, but little to self-understanding. He has sharpened thought, but not seen the limits of thought.

Thought, being conditioned and time-bound, cannot lead to truth. Yet man clings to thought as his guide, hoping it will take him beyond itself. This is why he remains in illusion, despite his outward progress.

Truth is not reached through evolution. It is not the product of time. It comes into being only when the mind sees clearly the whole movement of the self, the futility of becoming. Then there is an ending — and in that ending, truth is.

Religion, God, and progress are not answers to man's sorrow. They are projections of thought seeking escape. Truth is discovered only in the ending of illusion, in living wholly awake to the present. In that living there is compassion, wholeness, and the sacred.

***

Poetic

They ask:
Is religion needed
to live whole?

But temples divide,
beliefs clash,
and in the shadow of authority
the heart is chained.
Wholeness is not found
in ritual or creed,
but in seeing
clearly,
silently,
the false as false.

They ask:
Must life merge into God
after death
to escape sorrow?

But sorrow is not ended
by dreams of heaven,
by merging with an image
born of fear.
It ends when the "me" ends—

when thought falls silent,
and in that silence
the sacred is.

They ask:
Why, after all this evolution,
does man not live in truth?

He has conquered matter,
measured the stars,
but has not looked
into himself.
He sharpens thought
but never sees
its limit.

Truth does not come
through time or progress.
It comes when the self
is no more,
when becoming ends,
when the mind is still.

Then life is whole,
compassion flowers,
and the timeless
is here.

"The sacred is not after death, nor in belief, but in the ending of the 'me' now."

*****

Question: "Why do you bother with all this inquiry into the self, into thought, into awareness? Life has gone on for

millennia and will continue after us. Isn't it enough to do whatever good we can for others? And surely, it is possible to do good with the 'me'?"

Answer: "Is it truly possible to do good with the 'me'? What is the 'me'? It is the center of desire, ambition, fear, comparison, jealousy. Out of that center arises division — my family, my nation, my religion, my success. From that division comes conflict.

The 'me' may try to do good, but its action is always limited, conditioned by motive. It helps another in order to feel superior, to gain merit, to avoid guilt, to be recognized. Is that goodness? Or is it the self-seeking to strengthen itself under the mask of virtue?"

Question: "But if the self is part of human nature, can it not also create love and compassion?"

Answer: "What the self calls love is often attachment, dependency, possession. What it calls compassion is often pity, mixed with condescension. Love and compassion cannot flower where the self operates, because the self always divides, always calculates.

True goodness arises only when the 'me' is absent. Then action is not born of motive but of natural intelligence and care. To see hunger and to give food without thought of reward — that is compassion. To see suffering and act without self-interest — that is goodness. It is not your goodness or my goodness; it is the movement of life itself when the self is not."

Question: "Then what place has the self at all?"

Answer: “The self has its place in practical living — to use knowledge, to function in daily tasks. But in relationship, in love, in compassion, in the search for truth — there, the ‘me’ is the barrier. To live wholly is to see the limitation of the self and to let it end where it must. Only then is there goodness that is untouched by time or thought.”

The self cannot do good; it can only strengthen itself under the name of good. True goodness flowers when the self is absent, when action arises from wholeness and compassion, not from the “me.”

***

Poetic

The “me” says:
Do good,
help others,
life will go on,
that is enough.

But can the self do good?

Its hand gives,
but its heart asks
for recognition,
for reward,
for a name remembered.
It loves,
but clings,
possesses,
fears to lose.

It pities,
but looks down
from a height.

This is not goodness—
it is the self
disguised.

True compassion
comes only
when the “me” is silent.
Then giving is natural,
like a flower
sharing its fragrance,
like a river
flowing to the sea.

Not my goodness,
not your goodness,
but the wholeness of life
moving without center.

“The self cannot do good; it can only wear goodness as a mask.”

*****

'Spark to Wholeness invites you to see life beyond division and time. From the first spark of existence to the flowering of compassion, it explores the ending of the self, the silence of choiceless awareness, and the beauty of living wholly.

This is not a path to follow or a practice to repeat. It is a mirror to see directly—that when thought falls silent, life flowers in freedom, love, and sacred wholeness.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

Consultant Surgeon and author of *Operating Under Fire* and *The Timeless Awareness*